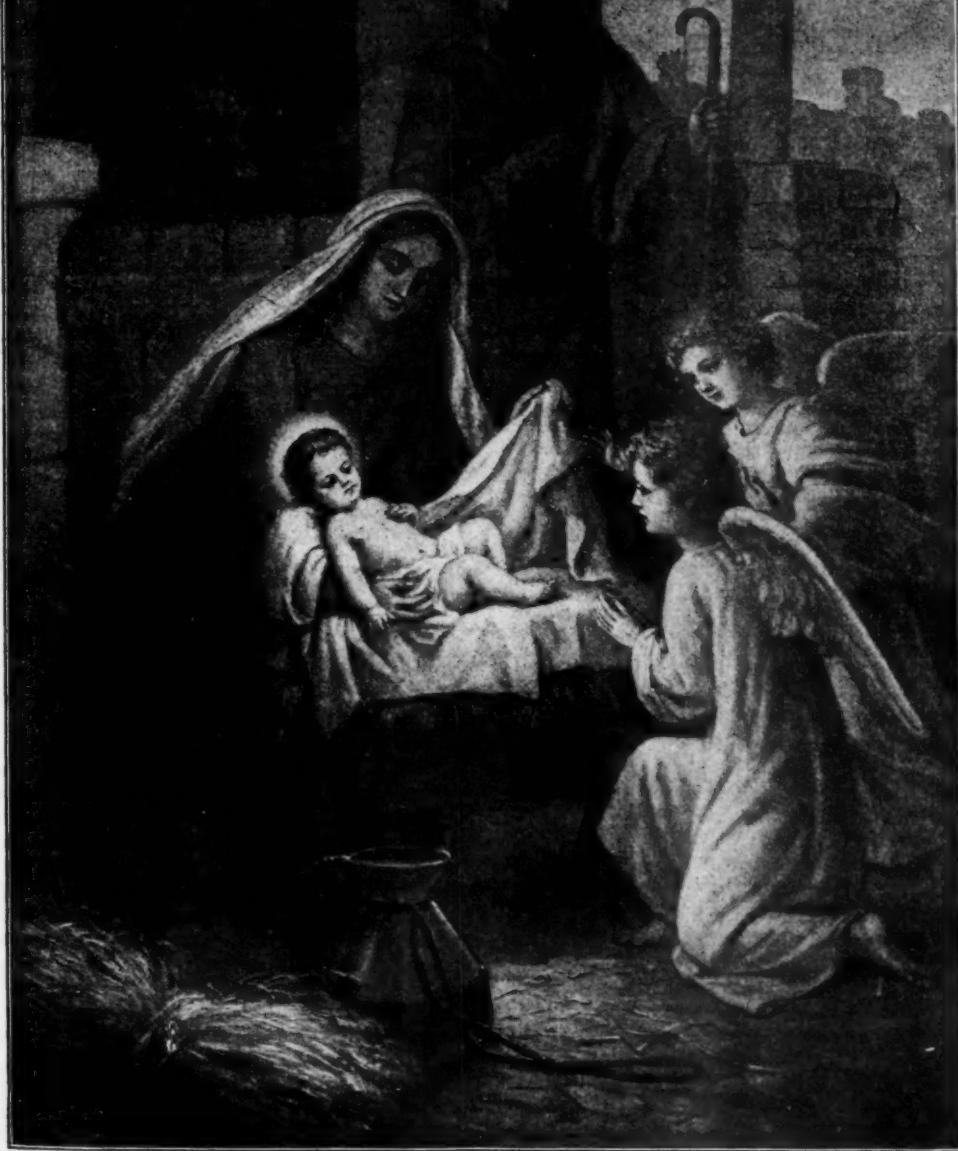


VOLUME 6

DECEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 8

The Grail



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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REV. BENEDICT BROWN,
O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE,
O.S.B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

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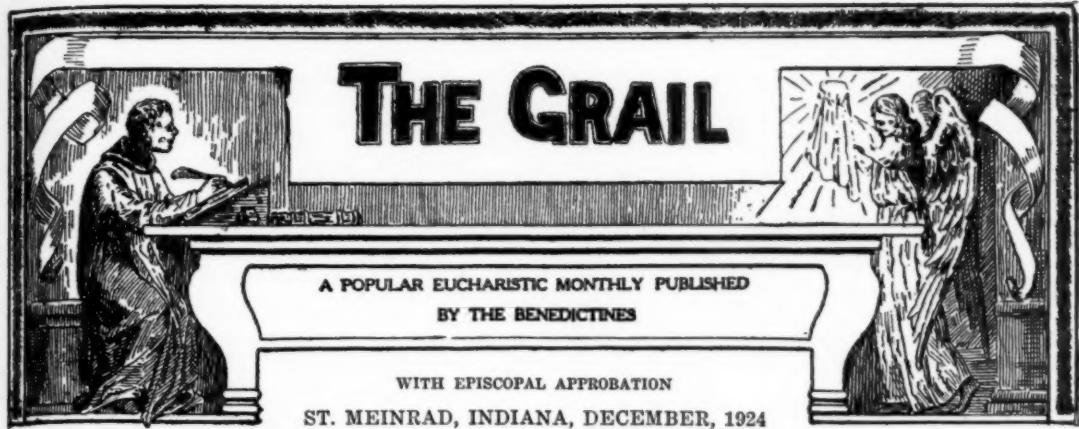
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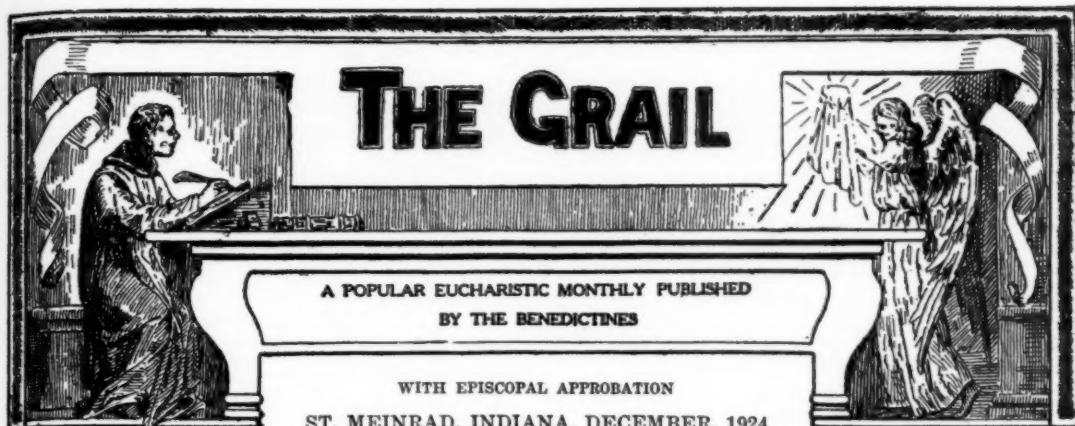
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But They Received Him Not

Long the Prophets waited, prayed, and sighed for the coming of the promised Redeemer. But at His birth, except for the angels, Mary and Joseph, and the poor shepherds on the near-by hills, there was no one to do Him honor. "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not." For ages God had been preparing the Jews, His chosen people, for the coming of His only begotten Son, but, when He finally came, "they received Him not," for they did not recognize in the garb of poverty the Son of God. Surely, they thought, He would not come like a pauper, and "they received Him not."

Poor, despised Infant, Thou art unwelcome, even though Thou comest to show us the way to heaven and to open the gates thereof that we may enter into eternal happiness after our time of trial is over. What greater Christmas present could men look for than the gift of God Himself. It is almost unthinkable that the love of God could annihilate itself to such an extent as to come down from the joys of heaven to take on human flesh to save the human race. But such is the love of God.

A thought of sadness, however, lingers amid all the joy that abounds at Christmas time, when we consider the goodness and mercy of God—"He came unto His own and His own received Him not." In the lowly form of pure white, wheaten bread He remains a prisoner of love in the lonely tabernacles that encircle the globe. He dwells in our very midst. He comes to His own, but His own receive Him not.

In quite recent years, through His Vicar at Rome, He has issued a most pressing invitation, urging all to approach even daily to the warming flames of the fire of Divine love that burns within the tabernacle. Yet how many heed that call—they receive Him not.

Nor is He, the humble Lord of the mighty universe, unmindful of the little ones, the tender lambs of the flock, whom He dearly loves—"forbid them not" to approach Him at the Holy Table. The stern law, or at least its interpreters (and there are still a goodly number of this class) used to say: "You must be thirteen, or even fourteen, before you may make your First Holy Communion." Christ, on the contrary, says: "Forbid them not." Let the little ones come to Him as soon as they are able to distinguish the Eucharistic Bread from ordinary bread; "forbid them not" to do so. Keep them innocent by the frequent, yes, daily reception of their Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and "forbid them not." Do not make them wait, as in days gone by, until satan has set up his kingdom in their hearts, but lead them to the Savior, the friend of children, and "forbid them not" to approach Him.

"He came unto His own, but His own received Him not," is applicable to such especially as seldom approach the Holy Table. How often would He not come to them, if they were willing. He yearns to be united with us and takes this simple means to effect union with Himself. Does not this seem an inverted order?

It is we who should seek Him, for we have need of Him. He has no need of us.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

The Human Cud

Chewing gum has become one of our national pastimes. Viewed from a strict moral aspect, it is perfectly legitimate. Yet for many reasons it is undesirable. It is useless, wasteful, silly, and—ugly.

It may help digestion; yet millions of people have long avoided indigestions without it. Regular living and moderate eating are the best assurances of healthy life.

It is wasteful. Statistics show us the woeful contrast between the millions spent each year on gum and the few thousands sent out to missionaries to enable them to bring souls to Christ's fold. We need not consider the wasted energy, though a writer has recently computed that the energy consumed in chewing gum, if combined, could give this earth of ours a jolt off its course.

It is silly, undignified, ugly. To see a mother with several children board a railroad coach and, before seating themselves, turn to survey the rest of the passengers, meanwhile chewing vigorously, widely, and audibly on a stick—or two—of gum, well it is to see and hear something as unpleasant and undignified as the vigorous, public clattering of a toothpick. Who can properly respect even age, parenthood, or intelligence when thus publicly seen plying its jaws. Don't object with the ruminating wisdom of the cow. That wit had a keener flash than usual when he said: "The difference between a cow chewing its cud and the flapper chewing gum, is that the cow appears to be thinking!"

The Liturgical Movement

This is a movement to place in the hands of the faithful the beautiful treasure of prayers which the Church makes use of in celebrating Mass and performing other sacred functions. Of course, this treasure has always been accessible to all; but, since it was printed only in the Latin language, people usually did not interest themselves in it. In former ages Latin was rather commonly known. As a consequence the liturgy was also familiar to the laity.

However, this excuse can no more be urged. Excellent translations have been made of the missal, the Mass book, especially, so that, if people cannot make use of the Latin, they may use an English translation just as well.

The idea back of all this is to get people to pray with the same prayers that the priest uses. Surely no more fitting, beautiful, or sublime prayer can be found.

Taken either from the heavenly inspired pages of Holy Scripture or coming down to us from the Apostles and their more immediate successors, these prayers breathe the very spirit of God Himself. What are mere human words compared to these? When one has grown familiar with them, one learns to love them and, since they cover all human needs and aspirations, to pour into them all the sentiments and yearnings of one's own heart.

The liturgical movement is now widespread in Europe. It is also gaining in America. Let us hope that, as a fit beginning, every Catholic obtain a missal, in Latin or in English, and that he make diligent use of it when attending Mass.

Using Both Shoulders

It is a necessary consequence of our religion that we are patriotic. It is an excellent thing to be public-spirited. It is truly Christian to be fraternal, to keep on good terms with all. Yet due measure must be observed in this as in all else. We can be truly patriotic, fraternal, broad-minded, and public-spirited without surrendering any principle. We can and we must have all these civic virtues; yet we may never place them above our duties to God.

Unfortunately nowadays there are some who seek the good will of others by going beyond the limits marked off for them by the law of God. They try to gain others by conniving at or even by taking part in error. They are inclined to be lenient; they overdo tolerance; they blindly rush into enterprises that savor much of heresy, of Mammon, or of positive wrong. Whether out of good or of selfish motives, they want to stand well with the world at all hazards. But we cannot serve God and Mammon. We cannot carry water on both shoulders. And, especially when we try to keep full the bucket on the shoulder which we devote to the world, we shall certainly lose much on the shoulder we are feebly using for God. If we have any faith, we should keep this always in the back of our head: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Catholic Tour to Europe in April, 1925

The announcement that a European tour for American Catholics will be held next year under personal direction of Frank A. Gross, of Buffalo and New York City, well known Catholic tourist manager, promises to fill a long-felt want on the part of Catholics in this country, many of whom have long desired under capable and intelligent leadership to visit Europe to view and fully enjoy its many beauties. It is needless to say that the proposed tour ought to appeal strongly also to non-Catholics.

The Grand International Tour of April 14th, 15th, and 16th, of next year, has the unusual feature of allowing the choice of three steamship lines. They are: The United States Lines, with the largest ocean-going

vessel of one-cabin class in the world, the SS. America; the North German Lloyd line with the SS. Bremen; and the Canadian Pacific line with the SS. Melita. The three sections of the Tour will arrive at Cherbourg, France, and will unite at the Hotel Louvre at Paris.

The Itinerary of the Tour can but appeal to all, and especially to those of the Catholic faith. It is filled with storied history of both religious and civil interest. The trip includes a visit to the home of the Little Flower of Jesus at Lisieux, France; special services at Lourdes, and a visit to the place of martyrdom of St. Januarius. Many other interesting Catholic shrines and churches will be seen.

The tourists will spend a week in Rome, a week in Paris, a week in Ireland, and about a week in Germany. Three side tours will be made out of the Grand Tour. One will be to Lourdes, another will include a special trip to the Holy Land, and the third is a special tour to Rome. A complete itinerary of the entire tour will be sent to any interested person upon making request to THE GRAIL. All Catholic organizations and societies should send a representative on this trip to pay a visit to the Holy Father at Rome, with whom a special audience will be arranged.

The rates for this great tour are considered the most reasonable ever offered for the accommodations and services given and the affair should be a grand success. As many as possible should take advantage of this trip.

Priests who wish to take advantage of this grand trip to Rome, and a tour of Europe, leaving New York on April 15, 1925, and returning 101 days later, will be glad to hear that the Frank A. Gross Travel Bureau offers them clerical rates. While this trip is not a pilgrimage, many shrines and holy places will be visited. The educational value of a trip of this kind must be apparent to everyone, and the relaxation that it affords after the strenuous season of Lent cannot be overestimated. Those who contemplate taking advantage of this offer will do well to inquire at the office of THE GRAIL as soon as possible.

Desire out of love to be perfectly conformed to the likeness of thy Eucharistic King, Who cannot countenance inordinate earthly affections.—Fr. de la Colombiere.

Shine, Stars, Tonight

FRANK HERBERT SWEET

Shine, stars, tonight! Shine clear and bright.
Make earth and heaven to glow;
Shine as you did that Christmas night,
Long centuries ago.

Light hill and valley as the dawn,
Make all the darkness bright,
For Christ, the Saviour, has been born,
And is with us tonight.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter XVI

WILLIE Pat sat in the darkened back parlor, too worn for further tears, her arms stretched out upon a table, her head resting upon one of them. In this attitude of utter dejection she was discovered by her father from the hall door. He quietly stepped into the room, and laid his hand tenderly upon her bowed head. She started, for she had not been conscious of his approach. Then, recognizing her father, she arose with a little cry and, throwing her arms about his neck, rested her head upon his broad chest. For several moments they stood thus in silence. Then, because of her tears and her quiet sobbing, he asked her:

"What is it, daughter?"

"Oh, papa, everything, everything. Everything is so terrible and is growing worse and worse."

"Nothing worse can happen to us now, daughter. We need not now be afraid of the future."

"But, *papa*," pleaded Willie Pat tearfully, "won't it be worse if we have to lose our old home? Those men who just now raided the cabin will not have any mercy. And they are getting evidence against us right now."

"Why, daughter, they cannot have evidence that can prove us lawbreakers, because we have not been lawbreakers."

"That will not protect us, *papa*. Look at poor Philip! Was he a moonshiner? And now he's dead. And they have found whiskey in the cabin. I saw them carrying out jugs. And, then, those two low, deceitful persons! We can trust them to do anything mean and underhand. Oh, they are so cruel!"

"Of whom are you speaking, daughter?"

"Of that yellow-haired, silly nurse, *papa*, and of, of—of the farm hand I wrote you of. How could I have been so deceived. And Philip, too!"

"But, daughter, what have they done?"

"Why, *papa*, can't you see they must have known all about the still, and must have brought all this misery upon us? And all the while pretending friendship! Why, *papa*, only Saturday I went with him to Aunt Mahala's, and now he has been found in the cabin with that woman!"

Her father spoke not in reply to this. He appreciated keenly her wounded pride, but he suspected also the presence of another pain. He extended his hand and, when he had clasped

hers, drew her to him till she sat upon his lap as when she was a little girl.

"Tell me, daughter," he said after a moment and in a voice filled with gentleness, "had you been thinking well of this young man?"

"Yes, everybody thought well of him, and I thought—but now I hate him!"

She arose, flushing painfully, and hurried from the room. At the door she turned and said earnestly, though still with some bitterness:

"Papa, I never want to hear of him again! I hope his name will never be spoken to me nor in my presence!"

And Willie Pat hurried to her own room. The father's eyes followed her till she passed from his sight. He remained seated, lost in thought. The grim set of his mouth and the brows contracting over smouldering eyes proved that at moments his thoughts were not pleasant. His son was dead, his daughter was flouted, his property was menaced, all by one man, a hireling and apparently an adventurer and a hypocrite. Would he accept this outrage upon himself and his family like some senseless beast, or would he avenge it as a man? He went to a drawer and drew out an ugly-looking revolver, black and long of barrel. The sight and the touch of the thing for the moment sobered him. Trouble would follow trouble if he should shoot the miscreant, trouble of a kind he had never expected to experience. But, what man would he allow to cause treacherously the death of his son, to slight his adored daughter and, in security, go on with further plotting against him and his rights and his family? By God, no man could do that and live! The unspoken oath seemed to ring and echo in his ears. But, reaching his ears also, distinctly, although like some whisper from afar, came another utterance which made him relax his rigid posture and look at the weapon in his hand in a kind of amaze. Vengeance is mine. He put the pistol away. Then he went into the large parlor and gazed for a moment upon the fixed features of his dead son, his head bowed down, his lips moving in prayer. A few minutes later he might be seen pacing, bareheaded, in spite of the noonday sun of June, back and forth upon the shadow-checkered lawn, his hands behind him and his head bent low.

Meanwhile Danny had been sitting, abstracted in thought, on the bed in his cell in the county jail. The kind-hearted but astonished jailer had left him in peace, realizing that thus

could his real sympathy with his interesting prisoner be best shown. For a while Danny's lively sense of humor buoyed him up. He relished the story which his two arrests within a week would make for his friends, especially for his old college chums. He knew also that he was entirely innocent either of moonshining or of trafficking in the illicit liquor, and his experience of last week gave him confident assurance that from this difficulty also he would be speedily released. But these annoying things were the lesser of Danny's griefs. What bowed his heart down was the death of his friend,—the brutal, wanton, hurried and untimely destruction of that noble life in promise. To have lost also the friendship of Philip's family, the friendship already so prized but now so hopelessly ended, rendered him, in his present state of dejection, sick at heart. But, if the truth be told, the heaviest blow he bore had come from the tender hand he loved the best. Willie Pat's sudden frigidity was at first as much a puzzle to him as it was a pain; but reflection upon the happenings of the last twenty-four hours explained away the mystery while only rendering the pain more bitter. What could Willie Pat think of him now, under the circumstances of his arrest? In his anguish, he almost hated the nurse, for he was ignorant of her real reason for being in the cabin, and attributed it,—who could blame him?—to her innate frivolity.

"The fool!" he muttered. And then he sat suddenly erect, his eyes filling with a growing appreciation and wonder; for he realized in a flash that appearances would now only convict him of at least complicity with the moonshiners but would indirectly connect him guiltily with Philip's death. Why, he was right on the ground, as though he were a decoy, when the "revenue" men came and shot Philip! And Miss Bowlder was with him; Miss Bowlder, caught later in his cabin and arrested with him when the whiskey was captured! What must Willie Pat think of him! What would the jury

think of him? His eyes seemed to stare with horror at these suddenly revealed and terrible realities as he gazed through the iron bars of his door, unseeing. Gradually, however, there emerged from the picture of terror he had conjured up, the flashing teeth and rolling eyes of a happy black face which was Peter's.

"Good mawnin, Guv'nuh," said Peter. "How you feelin' dis mawnin'?"

Danny looked hard and long at the happy ebony face before he could find a word. Then recognition came to him.

"Is that you, Peter?" he asked, with sudden relief and pleasantness.

"Yassuh, I heered you was in jail, an' I come to see you. I thought maybe you might want me to do somethin' fo' you."

"I'm glad to see you, Peter. It looks as if we always meet in jail, doesn't it? How did you get out of jail yourself?"

"Dey dismissed me. Dey knowed I hadn't done nuthin'."

"How did you know so soon that I was here?"

"Dat dere white man dat looks like a catfish tole me."

"Who? Simkins?"

"Yassuh, dat's his name. Kin I do anything fo' you, Guv'nuh?"

"Yes, you can, Peter," Danny assured him. "If you want to do me a favor, go out to the Armstrong place and help with the corn and tobacco. Aunt Millie will be glad to see you, and Mr. Armstrong will make you a good boss, I am sure."

"Dere's another nigger wif me. Mus' I tek him too?"

"Yes, take him along: they'll need you both."

"All right, Guv'nuh, we'll go out yonder today. I'm comin' back to see you agin. De jailer done tole me I could come whenever I want to. Good-by, suh."

It was wonderful the change so quickly wrought in Danny's frame of mind by the short but friendly visit of the humble Peter. He now sat musing smilingly upon Peter and upon recollections of the night of the threatened mob



Mary Immaculate

S. M. T., O. S. B.

Presumption true it seems to be
To pen a line in praise of Thee;
For how can voice Thy praises hymn
Or how can hand Thy beauties limn,
Fair Queen of all the Seraphim?

when he had with hardihood claimed the title which Peter still willingly acknowledged. This pleasant mood might not have lasted long under the best of circumstances, and now it was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps in the corridor. Would they come all the way to his door? Danny looked and waited. Yes, and his visitor was his friend, the Colonel.

"Good morning, Governor," greeted the genial Colonel. "Is this your favorite hotel when in town?"

"It seems to be, doesn't it?" laughed Danny. "I wish that it afforded better opportunity for me to entertain you. I can't even ask you in; the door is locked."

"I don't wish to come in, sir, thank you; I have come to invite you out. I have just been to the courthouse, and your bond will be arranged in a few minutes. Then you will come home to dinner with me."

"Really, Colonel, you are all too kind. I don't know when I shall be able to repay you, if indeed ever."

"Don't mention it, sir; get yourself ready and I'll be back for you."

As to the Colonel, it occurred to him that it might be a kindly thing to make a little visit to Miss Bowlder. He found her, on inquiry from the jailer, comfortably established in a private room belonging to the jailer's family.

"Isn't it terrible?" she cried as soon as she opened her door to the Colonel's knock. "Isn't it awful to be in jail?"

"You are not in jail," returned the Colonel smilingly. "This is as nice a room as I have at home. Besides you have not been proven guilty of anything wrong. So why worry?"

"I am not guilty," cried Miss Bowlder. "I haven't done anything in the world. What have they arrested me for? It is dreadful! I'll be ashamed to show my face anywhere after this."

"No, you won't," the Colonel consoled her; "you'll be proud, as you should be, to show so pretty a face anywhere in the world. Besides, no one makes any great ado nowadays of arrests under the prohibition laws."

Miss Bowlder repaid the Colonel with her arched and most brilliant smile. Then she ran on:

"You see, Colonel Mitre, it all came about this way. Mr. Johnson was out there, and he is such a good friend of the family's. He is doing everything in the world for them, and he sent me down to that little house to warn Mr. Lacey. You see, Mr. Lacey was asleep,—Mr. Johnson said he was intoxicated,—and Mr. Johnson was afraid that Government men would come today. And he thought Mr. Lacey must have whiskey somewhere or else he could not get drunk. I'll tell you confidentially, Mr.

Johnson thinks Mr. Lacey is the one that was making moonshine in the cave. So he sent me down to warn Mr. Lacey so that he could hide the whiskey. You see, Mr. Johnson did not want more trouble made for the family."

"Why didn't he warn him himself?"

"He sent me down to do that. Oh, it was because he wanted to talk to Miss Willie Pat. That's what he said. Oh, yes, and he said Mr. Lacey did not like him. It was funny at first. I climbed up into the loft and scared Mr. Lacey. But then those men came and, oh, what will people think of me?"

Now, the Colonel, who was a good judge of human nature and a very discerning and kindly man, realized with every passing moment the value of the information Miss Bowlder had just given him. For one thing, there had been no such thing as a clandestine or improper meeting between Danny and this young woman, of that he felt certain. For another thing, the hand of Bill Johnson was at work somewhere beneath the surface of the troubled waters on which the Armstrongs now rode. For a third thing, this pretty young woman, this flighty, frivolous young woman, was an innocent victim of very cruel circumstances or design. Evidently she did not herself realize fully the injustice of the lot fate was dealing her. The Colonel's sympathy went out to her.

"Have you any friend here to take up your case for you?" he inquired kindly.

"Mr. Johnson is going to get me out of jail, if that is what you mean. He says they'll let me out today. He says I had better go directly from here to the train and get back to the city right away. He thinks nobody will then know anything about this terrible affair."

"Yes, that may be better," admitted the Colonel reflectively. Then he asked:

"Do you know for certain Mr. Johnson will secure your release? And how will he do it?"

"Oh, he said something about going on a bond!"

"I see," nodded the Colonel. "Then that will be all right. I am very glad that your troubles are nearly over. Yes, I think with Mr. Johnson it would be better for you to go directly home. Good-by."

Half an hour later, the Colonel and Danny were making their way through the court-day crowds that filled the public walks in all that portion of the town given over to business. Danny was again endeavoring to voice his appreciation of the Colonel's loyal confidence and generosity, but the Colonel hushed him.

"Tut, tut, young man, tut, tut. I had to get you out of jail so as to be able to talk to you, and I have to talk to you for several reasons. Here we are; walk in. Now make yourself at

home while I see if dinner is ready. If it is, we shall not delay."

"Now," resumed the Colonel after they had lunched and were seated on the broad, shaded porch. "I think we had better get one or two things settled promptly. I learn that you are charged with manufacturing liquor, with trafficking in liquor, and with having liquor in unlawful quantity in your possession. How about the truth of these charges?"

"I never manufactured a drop of liquor in my life, I never sold a drop in my life, and, if I had any in my possession at the time of my arrest, I for one did not know anything about it."

"You did not know anything of the whiskey they found in the loft?"

"No, sir, not a thing."

"Were you ever in the loft?"

"No, sir, I don't think I was ever in the loft. I went up the ladder once or twice, and from the ladder I looked in, but I don't think I was ever in the loft till just a minute before I was arrested."

"How did you happen to be up there then?"

Hereupon Danny told him minutely the circumstances that led to his being in the loft with Miss Bowlder.

"Isn't it a damnable situation?" he added.

"I'm afraid it will sound fishy in court," admitted the Colonel reflectively. "Every word of it is true, but as evidence it will be damaging."

"You say you did not know the whiskey was there. Have you any idea as to who owned it or who put it there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Could it possibly have been Philip's?"

"I am sure it was not."

"Do you think that fellow, Simkins, hid it there? He's always half drunk, and, if I am not mistaken badly, he is a confirmed bootlegger."

"I don't know, I am sure, Colonel. I have seen him half drunk several times, but I don't see why he should hide whiskey in my loft, and I don't see how he could have done it without my knowledge of it. Of course, I do leave the door open nearly all the time."

"Well, all that will be brought out, I suppose. What I want to ask you especially is whether you would rather stand trial immediately in the county court. You can have your trial this afternoon if you wish. The prosecution is ready if you are, and the docket is light."

"Yes, I should like to have the thing over. I am as well prepared now as at any time."

Danny said this very confidently. He knew he was innocent, and believed the circumstantial evidence not strong enough to convict him. No evidence seemed possible for proving him

a moonshiner: none seemed possible for proving him a bootlegger; and, as for having the liquor in his possession, it was under his roof, it is true, but it was hidden in a loft he had never visited,—but hold he *had* visited the loft, he had been found there with Miss Bowlder! Still,—and here was relief,—she could testify as to why he was in the loft! Yes, she could do this, and would thereby bring on him the sneers of the prosecution and the coarse ridicule of the court room.

At this painful point in his reflections, Danny was interrupted by his elderly friend, who suggested:

"If you are ready, we might better go early to the court. The docket is light I am informed, and the judge has said he can call our case at about two o'clock."

Unpleasant as was the prospect, it at least promised action, and Danny preferred action of any sort to further communion with his own thoughts. He, therefore, assented at once and, within ten minutes, he and the Colonel were passing through the sparsely occupied court room, moving toward the bar. All of the idlers present turned their looks upon Danny, and some of them nudged one another and whispered things about the "Governor," or about having heard the nurse was a "mighty putty gal," or about having been "caught mighty quick" in his moonshining, or they asked who in the h— the fellow was, and one or two offered to bet on the outcome of the trial. The case was called, the charges preferred, and Danny, without aid of counsel, pleaded "not guilty." The prosecuting attorney presented his witnesses. They were the "revenue men" and the sheriff. Their evidence was unanimous, undeniable and convincing. There were broad smiles and titters at certain statements relating to Danny and Miss Bowlder. In his defense, Danny admitted every fact alleged. He could only deny, without proving his denial, all ownership or knowledge of the whiskey found in his loft. The judge suggested that Miss Bowlder, with whom the prosecution felt they could dispense as a witness, their case being so strong, might be summoned to testify in Danny's behalf if he so desired. This, Danny hastily declined. There was laughter in the court room, and the judge announced his decision, which was that Danny be held over for trial before the Circuit Court under bond. This the Colonel arranged, and the first skirmish with the law was over.

(To be continued)

Life without the sacramental presence of our God would be life without light, life without joy, life without meaning.—F. P. LeBuffe.

Home for Christmas

NANCY BUCKLEY

BEFORE the cracked mirror in her shivery room, Mary Desmond, late in rising for the seven o'clock Mass, hurriedly combed her grey hair.

"It's queer I'm looking," she laughed, nodding at her distorted face in the wavering glass. "But now's no time for fooling. I must be lively. There's the first bell! I haven't been late a morning yet, and here it's the 24th, and the last day of the Christmas novena."

With quick hands, Mary put on her hat and coat that had weathered many bitter winters. Down the rickety stairs she carefully picked her way.

"A white Christmas we'll be having," she exclaimed, opening the door. Her breath floated on the snowy air like a whiff of silvery smoke. When a gust of blustering wind suddenly bent her thin body, she pulled her coat closely about her.

Rapidly she walked along the sparkling street for she lived five long blocks from St. Patrick's. But the two little dreams that had accompanied her on the long, lonely way, kept pace with her hurrying feet.

"And I'm just as far away from seeing them come true this Christmas as I was twenty years ago," sighed Mary, the corners of her mouth down-turned and a sob tightening her throat. But she tossed her head bravely.

"Some day I'll be at home for Christmas," she assured herself. "The dreams have kept me warm just thinking of them."

Thinking of them! Again the dreary years folded back....

Mary, a colleen of twenty, tripped down the gangway of the big liner. Her brother Dan, known at home as "the loosefoot," followed her. Mary's cheeks were red roses, and her eyes as blue as the sea with the sun on it. And wasn't New York the bewildering place with all the shouting and the people running like mad!

Then Tom Daly was holding her hands as if

he never meant to let them go. How good it was to see him and to hear him telling her they were to be married within the month!

"And I've the snuggest little cottage out in the country, Mary," he announced proudly, "with a garden and chickens. And a big fire place like we had at home! You'll not be missing Innisfail at all this winter when we pile on the logs. With you on one side and myself on the other—Faith, the angels will envy us."

Mary's eyes were misted with tears of joy. "We'll be together, Dan," she whispered, "and that's happiness enough."

"In a few weeks, when the factory moves from the city, I'm going to be foreman, so we'll be able to save and in no time we'll own the cozy little place."

So they planned, and dreamed, and loved. And then with a sudden fierceness all was over. Tom was killed in the factory fire. Mary, dazed and heart-broken, began the journey alone. She obtained work in a fashionable shop, doing the fine embroidery she had learned at the convent. And ever on her lips rested a brave smile. No one, but the Friend in the Tabernacle knew what it cost to take up the burden every day.

How often she longed for the shielding arms of the little home! How often she lighted the fire on the hearth, remembering Tom's words: "With you on one side and myself on the other—Faith, the angels will envy us."

"Sure, and some Christmas morning I'll wake up and find the wee house tucked away in my stocking," she often told herself with a gay laugh that held back the hot tears.

When Mary entered St. Patrick's, Father Connor was already on the altar. She went to her favorite place and began her prayers for the novena. How fervently she prayed! How sure she felt that the Babe of Bethlehem would hear her prayers!

Then the other dream, in a vivid flash, came before her....

Christmas Song

NANCY BUCKLEY

Lo! The angels sweetly sing
Where shepherds watch by night,
And far the gladsome tidings wing
Through the glory bright.

"Peace on earth and on the sea,
Joy, good will to all;
Let the notes of jubilee
Every heart enthrall."

Let us join the chorus clear
Of these words sublime;
"Peace on earth, good will and cheer,
Till the end of time."



Her brother Dan, true to his name, didn't stay long in New York. With another bold adventurer, he left for California, seeking gold.

"I'll not come back, Mary, until I have made my fortune," he said, not seeing the longing in Mary's tender eyes.

For years his letters came regularly. He made his first thousand and bought a bit of land in the southern part of the state. Then, little by little, the letters ceased and Mary had no word from him. But she dreamed and hoped, and, most of all, prayed that some day he would return and they would be together in the cottage out in the country.

The sweet tinkle of the golden bell roused Mary. She lifted in adoration her misty, appealing eyes.

Back in her cold room, Mary lighted the one-burner gas stove and put on the milk. She looked wistfully out the window.

The court below, the tenements with their ugly chimneys, the skyscrapers in the distance were transformed into loveliness by the falling snow. She turned away quickly when she heard the hissing of the boiling milk. She toasted some rolls and then sat down to her breakfast.

Suddenly, her heart beat faster. Heavy steps were coming up the rickety stairs. Who could it be? She lived alone on this floor. Trembling, she answered the knock on her door.

A grey-haired man stood outside, his eyes staring at her.

"Oh Dan—Dan!"

Her brother's arms folded about her and Mary sobbed out the sorrow and the loss of the desolate years.

"Well, I'm back for good," Dan said, when the first excitement was over. "They found oil on my land and if I live to be ninety I can't spend half the money that is gushing up day and night."

"Oh Dan, I'm so glad! We'll have the happiest Christmas together. Why didn't you write? And how ever did you find me?"

"My letters were returned, Mary. You moved, they told me, and they couldn't trace you, and I was wandering about a good deal myself. You know, they didn't name me 'The Loosefoot' for nothing." Dan smiled. "When I got the news about the oil, I came to find you. It seemed such a hopeless task, and then, just by chance, this morning I stepped into St. Patrick's to finish my Christmas novena and met the priest and told him my story and he gave me your address. I'm tired of cities, Mary. I'm going to buy a small house out in the country with a garden, and a hearth like the big one we had at Innisfail. Do you remember, Mary? And you're going to make it a real home for me?"

"Oh Dan, they've come true at last—at last!"

Dan stared his amazement, for Mary changed right before his eyes into the pretty colleen of twenty years ago, her cheeks red roses and her eyes as blue as the sea with the sun on it.

A Christmas Legend From Italy

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

NOT many hundred years since there abode in a Tuscan town hard by the lake-studded Apennines a stripling who hight Guido. He had ever been remarkable for his blue eyes, and as he was forever casting these up at the serene sky of Italy, people would smile and say he was seeking to rob the heavens of their deep velvet hue. But the child would just return their smile, and after sunset would slip out to see the velvet skies begin to twinkle with dazzling points of fire; and then his eyes would sparkle too, and he would laugh with glee and think he understood the skies. His father, a silversmith right cunning in his art, had mounted for him on silver a set of tiny crystal beads, and on these the child had learnt to say his Rosary. And now holding these up in the moonlight he would say: "The skies too are telling their beads day by day, for those glittering things on high go round a little every hour!"

As he grew up he did discover beauty in many another form even on the earth around him; and on certain festive days when he tramped over to Florence with many curiously wrought trinkets and goblets from his father's hand, he would see beauty in stone and marble, in church and palace; and beauty too in human form. But eftsoon he was fain to espouse himself to theology, and in the evenings when studies were over he would take his lute and go sing a sweet *canzone* before some little shrine of the Madonna.

Now it so befell in the December days that Guido grew sad. He bethought him now that he had not always slipped those crystal Rosary beads devoutly through his fingers, nay he had neglected them so far that two small beads had broken away and were lost utterly. With heavy heart he mourned his want of care. Then he arose and did make a vow: to tramp his way to Rome during the Christmas days. No money would he take with him, nor companion other than his lute. He set forth, 'tis said, after the Expectation Mass, clad in his student's mantle black, but with a blue kerchief at his throat, and his lute over his shoulder slung by two broad ribbons of blue and white, to honour Mary and her Child.

Not many days had passed before at whatever shrine of Mary or manger of her Son he on his way did pass, he would check his steps

and falling on his knees would greet his beloved ones full sweetly. Then would he tune his lute and sing some carol dear to his countrymen, or one that came to his lips spontaneously as he fingered the lute with his blue eyes intent upon the shrine.

When reaching some little town towards evensong, he would go seek out the lamplighter thereof and could without much ado prevail to let him light the street lamps that night, for he besought no guerdon other than his evening repast. Wherefore you might have seen him, as the stars began to dot the skies, speeding along the streets from side to side, till all the quaint oil-lamps were twinkling too. Now on a night it chanced that he was set marvelling at the ease wherewith the lamps were kindled, and as he made more observant scrutiny he found that his torch was still at some little distance when the lamps were set alight. Thereupon he fell a-trembling, but a gentle rustling of wings then became audible and a silvery angel voice did whisper:

"Be not alarmed, my Guido, your devotedness to the Madonna has won you her pardon, and behold she has despatched me to aid you light your lamps with a little star she entrusted to me from the outskirts of the constellation *Virgo*. But as I must needs restore it right speedily,—for, mark you, Guido, the heavens never loose *their* shining beads, nor may I endanger the harmony of the spheres,—listen quickly to my message. Enter but the church when all the lighting is accomplished, and Our Lady will requite you."

Thereupon the lamps began to light with wondrous speed, so that scarce could Guido follow after the fleet Angel. He was quite breathless when he reached the church, and there as his eye ran along the rows of columns all garlanded with fresh green against the Parian marble glowing in the sunset glory, he discovered the fairest crib that as yet he had seen. The Babe's sweet eyes twinkled as the candles flickered, and Guido devoutly sang his song and gently touched upon the lute. He was thinking of the bounteous Madonna and lamenting once again that his beads had suffered loss, when the Child from the crib looked swiftly up at him and as Guido stretched forth his arms in amaze, a crystal tear rolled down the holy Babe's cheek and came to rest on Guido's palm. Forthwith it became round and hard and glittering, and Guido felt his heart fill with emotion as he saw it was a perfect copy of his little beads. His joy was extreme as he realized that he had been forgiven and half his loss repaired. Nor could he conceal his good fortune from the kind folk he lodged with that night. But when he showed

them the precious bead they shook their heads and eyed him with suspicion.

It so chanced that Guido's father had cut some precious stones to precisely the same model to bedeck some rich vestments for this church, and of these some had gradually disappeared. Wherefore was Guido grievously suspected, and behold on the morrow's morn he was aroused betimes by the city guards, who gruffly bade him straightway make ready to accompany them to the "podesta." Eftsoon were his crystal beads revealed from out his jerkin, and the helpless Guido was being marched off to the grim dungeon cell, when he fell on his knees and pleaded leave to visit first the church and little manger. Consent thereto he won reluctantly, and narrowly was he watched as he knelt before the holy Child and sang a pitiful "canzone." And lo! as the last notes of the lute did die away, the holy Babe let fall a second tear, that glittered crystal-wise, into His little hand. Reverently did Guido stretch forth his, and the little pearl slipped between Jesu's fingers to his own. The guards around him and the curious folk about cried out: "Miracolo! Miracolo!" and the little pearl was passed round, and scrutinized, and found identical in shape with Guido's beads. And now goes he on his way rejoicing, molested not a whit, and bearing his precious freight.

And when he reached his journey's end and knelt by the Bambino of Santa Maria Maggiore, he vowed to tell his beads right devoutly all his days and treasure them till death. And Christmastide well spent, mindful was he of the star-bearing Angel, for he hied him to Fiesole's cloister and donned a garb of white. The lute was now forever hushed, but with his gentle brush undying harmonies he cast about the convent walls. The Child and the Madonna he painted many a time, and angels numberless; and so men called him Fra Angelico. Full merrily did he cherish his goodly beads, for when his days were spent, these beads were found wound about his fingers. But when his spirit forth had gone, the two pearls Jesus had granted him to set among his beads, vanished quite as well, for Jesus loves the things that cost Him tears, and He would have them glitter forever in Heaven with the soul of Guido,—three pearls of price in the sight of the Eternal Three.

Christmas Night

NANCY BUCKLEY

Thy little hands are close against my heart,
Thy little hands, like lilies, fair and white;
So close they are that I can ne'er depart
From the sweet safety of this blessed night.

Up and Down the Country

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

WHOMO did you tip your hat to and what made you so serious all of a sudden when we passed through that bunch?" inquired William Lehr when he and Dan Case had extricated themselves from the crowded street.

"We passed Father Gilbert."

"Why didn't you speak to him and give me a knockdown?"

"I noticed that he had the Blessed Sacrament with him. I could see the edge of the little white stole, which he always wears when he carries the Blessed Sacrament."

"He must have been going on a sick call."

"I presume so."

"You just ought to see what happens in the old country when the priest goes on a sick call."

"Do they do it differently over there?"

"I'll say they do. The priest is dressed just as he is when he gives Benediction. One of the Mass servers with a lantern or at least a light goes before him. Sometimes there are two more servers, one carries the holy water and the book and another one rings a bell every now and then. Quite often crowds of people go along too. I once heard a missionary Father from the Philippines describe the sick calls there and I thought to myself: 'It's just like in the old country. Yes, sir, just like in the old country.'"

"Well, well, now don't go into ecstasies over your 'old country.' Tell me something about it."

"Now, Dan, don't be in a rush. The Philippine missionary said that the priest among his people is never compelled to inquire the way. All he needs to do is to follow the people. One time he found 200 children waiting on him and as soon he set out these children began to pray the Rosary aloud. All along the streets the doors opened and crowds of women with burning candles in their hands followed him. The house of the patient, a poor straw-thatched hut, was about a mile and a half from the village.

For about 50 yards away from the house the road was all covered with bamboo mats and the hut itself was overhung with white linens. Beside the bed stood an altar decorated with statues, pictures, and flowers. The neighbors had done all this according to the custom of the country and had made a real chapel out of this lowly hut."

"Why, that's fine, Bill. I am going to tackle Father Gilbert one of these days on this topic. I am sure he can tell me some more about it."

This opportunity to speak to Father Gilbert presented itself sooner than Mr. Case expected. The very next day both had to wait at a little way station for an inbound interurban.

"Been, visiting, Father?" inquired Mr. Case.

"Yes, or rather, the Lord paid His visit."

"Oh, another sick call, I presume. Why just yesterday Bill Lehr and I passed you on the street. Afterward he began to boast about the old country, telling me how good the people were there and how they go with the priest to the sick."

"Yes, Bill is right. Our stealthy way of carrying our Lord to the sick is not in keeping with the general law of the Church. Before 1918 priests needed a special faculty to be allowed to carry the Blessed Sacrament secretly. Of course in countries where there was danger of sacrilegious irreverences this faculty was easily granted. The new canon law of 1918 reads: 'Holy Communion should be brought to the sick publicly unless good reasons make the private administration advisable.'

"Surely in our country it is still advisable."

"Yes, it is a sad fact that even in our civilized America it is so. Our Lord must make His journeys up and down the country alone on the bosom of His minister, who is generally the sole worshiper whether he travels by foot, by horse, by rail, or by auto. The Divine Presence cannot be revealed to the passers-by, for the enemies would take offence and be goaded on



to sacrilege and profanation, whilst even Catholics out of fear of reaping scorn and ridicule would often disown their Lord and Master by withholding from Him the due marks of reverence."

"Not all Catholics would be so forgetful, Father."

"No, not all, for when carrying our Blessed Lord in rural districts I have met people who would sink to their knees until the Master had passed. This is also the very thing that King Ferdinand II of Bohemia was wont to do. Whenever he would come upon the Blessed Sacrament on the streets, he would hurriedly dismount from his wagon or horse and kneel on the ground, no matter where it was. Thus he always adored the Lord and begged His blessing. On the other hand, I have found Catholics who in their own homes did not show the proper respect to the Divine Guest come to enter the heart of one of their members. They forget at times that He has the same claims to adoration here as in His churches."

"Father, people don't know any better. They want to be told how to conduct themselves. Tell me at least what should be done."

"In the first place, when the Eucharistic Lord enters a home good Catholic will meet Him at the door with a candle. Secondly, when anyone comes into the Divine Presence or passes before the Eucharist he will genuflect. Then, when Communion is distributed and the prayers are said, the whole family, if possible, will take part and not be talking aloud in the next room, perhaps at the breakfast table. Just recently a fellow priest provided the father of a family for his journey to eternity. Several persons failing in due respect, the sick man cried out: 'Kneel down and adore your God.'"

"That man had faith."

"Yes, and here is another specimen of such faith recorded of some Spanish actors. Whilst the play, 'El Missipi,' was being presented, the sound of the little bell accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to some sick person was heard. The actors knelt on the stage whilst the orchestra played a royal march. The audience moved by the example knelt a while, then arose, and applauded loudly."

"What do you know about that!"

"You have heard of the famous example of the saintly Pope Pius IX."

"Not that I remember."

"In 1849 he paid a visit to Naples. Almost every afternoon of his stay he found his way to some of the churches of the city. On one of these occasions he noticed a priest returning with the Blessed Sacrament from a sick person. Immediately he left his carriage and followed the priest to the church where in the midst of

the people he also knelt down for the blessing."

"Why should the priest bring the Blessed Sacrament back, Father? Couldn't the sick man receive it?"

"That is not said. When the Blessed Sacrament is carried publicly, and the trip is not too long and difficult, the priest should, according to the prescriptions of the ritual, always have one particle left and the procession should return to the church as it proceeded from the church to the sick man. After arriving at the church the priest announces the indulgence which those gain who accompany the Blessed Sacrament. Then he blesses the people with the Holy Eucharist before he replaces it in the tabernacle."

"What are those indulgences, Father?"

"An indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for those who accompany the Sacred Viaticum with a light, provided they also pray according to the intention of the Holy Father; an indulgence of five years and five times forty days if they attend without a light; three years and three times forty days for those who being lawfully hindered send another person to represent them; one hundred days for those who, when legitimately prevented from attending, recite one Our Father and one Hail Mary according to the intention of the Supreme Pontiff."

"I see from this again that the Church is always generous towards those who perform good works."

"Yes, not only that, but Almighty God has at times bestowed great graces as a reward for such company given the Holy Viaticum. An instance of this kind occurred in the case of a certain infidel doctor who loved his little daughter most affectionately. One day the little one came home from school with her cheeks unusually flushed. Her papa soon became aware of the fact that the symptoms betokened danger. On Christmas Eve the child awoke out of her delirium and begged her father to get the priest for her. It might be her last petition. So he went in person to fulfill her earnest request. It was in the dead of night and no servers were at hand to carry the lantern and the little bell. The priest was in a predicament and the doctor feared that delay might be cruelty to his dying child. After a severe conflict within his bosom the father offered to act in the place of the server. The man who but yesterday was still an infidel and would have spurned the very suggestion now carried the lantern for his Lord and Master. The priest prayed fervently and the new acolyte began to recall pleasant recollections of his youthful days when he too was wont to receive Him for whom he was now leading the

way to his own daughter. What a joy for little Elsa to see her own dear papa on bended knee with folded hands worshipping the Eucharistic Lord. On this Christmas Eve the Christ Child brought a twofold Christmas gift to the home of the doctor: the restoration of the lost faith to the father and the recuperation of health to his beloved child. Who will doubt that these favors were granted to the doctor for his readiness to act as bodyguard to the Christ Child in the Holy Eucharist?"

"Here comes your car," Father, suddenly exclaimed Mr. Case, "and mine is not far away. The two meet here."

"Thank you, Dan. You were pleasant company."

"But you, Father, were the entertainer."

"Don't mention it."

Rowena Ludden

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

MIKE Ludden, the town marshal of Devil's Neck, works from eight p. m. until after midnight. He is the most likable man in the county, of easy manner, kindly, a friend to every one, a constructive force in the community. He it was who turned the jail into a gymnasium. His shoulders are broad as a barn door. He is nearly sixty, the father of six sons beginning with Mickeen and ending with Salvadore. If the family stopped there, Mike would have been disconsolate. The seventh and last child is Rowena O'Reilly Ludden.

Despite his taking a Spanish wife—old Pedro Gomez's daughter—he named the girl after his mother. Whereat old Pedro rose up and threatened him with destruction. Mike, who was working in the mine at that time, soothed the old boy in Spanish, and Rowena grew unto womanhood and beauty.

Their house sat well into Goat Hill, one mile across the sand from the depot. It was large as a hotel. Old Pedro came into it from his forbears. When his daughter, Manuelita Maria Josepha Juanita Jesusita Gomez, married Mike Ludden, Pedro consented on condition: They should live with him forever. Now Manny, for so Mike's wife was called, was fat, placid, pious, a good cook, a dutiful daughter, wife, and mother.

Rowena was altogether too pretty from the very start. Fair, blue eyed, red headed! Old Pedro was displeased at this colorless girl, but he consoled himself: God sent her and they must keep her, train her, save her soul. She was a bitter disappointment to him from the very start.

Very early in her little girlhood her mother

prepared her to enter the convent school at Santa Fe, where old Pedro had entered her. The kid came home vacations, ran wild around the mine, rode old Pedro's horse at top speed, climbed trees with Mickeen. She could sing like a bird, and cook old Pedro's frijoles to please him. Here her knowledge of home economics ceased. To her father she was the one bit of perfection in an otherwise imperfect world.

When she was seventeen, he was chosen town marshal, and among other duties incumbent on the office was the leading of prayers at the Mexican corps houses, and right here is where Rowena's education begins. She made the rounds nightly with Mike, first combing his hair in the latest fashion, sticking a rose in his buttonhole, and adjusting his tie. There wasn't a Mexican youth within a hundred miles who would miss a wake in Devil's Neck, knowing Mike would lead off in prayer, Rowena at his hip.

She never so much as blinked at the boys, and her so extremely pretty and with such beguiling ways. They all had the eyes melted from their heads looking warm love at her. She saw them not all, went back to school for another year, and her eighteenth summer came home as fancy free as she was at ten. Old Pedro seemed to forget she was light complexioned, or else he had got used to it. He took great pride in having her drive him about. Dr. Carnahan's oldest girl, Mary, was Rowena's best friend. Willey May Voris, Magrada Sandoval, and Katherine Davis were also home from Santa Fe, where they had attended school. The five chummed together, and at a dinner dance at Carnahan's Rowena met Smitherzee De Fourner. He made an awful fuss about her. She was quite heartless, refusing to answer his telephone calls, which left old Pedro greatly distressed making excuses for her. She refused to go riding with Smitherzee, although old Pedro made the engagement, and she liked nothing better than making the rounds with Mike. She was a great drawing card at the wakes, where the young blades were yet hopeful.

It came her turn to entertain the Bonnie Booster Girls' Club, which was purely an educational gathering. They ate a little to stimulate workings of their mighty mentalities. Mrs. Ludden was pleased to prepare a miscellaneous array of delicacies for the feast.

It was a hot day. The range in the Ludden kitchen was well filled with soft coal and throwing off enough British Thermol Units to heat the state. Manny was over it, singing a Spanish love song. Perspiration oozed from every pore. Little black curls lay on her forehead and neck. Old Pedro lay flat on his back on the

vine-shaded porch and snored. Rowena reclined in the hammock and read. Mike, who worked nights, was trying to sleep but the heat was too much. He came out to the kitchen. More heat greeted him.

"What are you doing, Manny?" he asked.

"Preparing for Rowena's party," she said smilingly.

"Why is she not helping you?"

"Why is she not helping me, Mike Ludden? Why? Did she ever help me, Mike Ludden? And why? You dare to ask me why, Mike Ludden?"

Manny was ever docile, non-nagging. In their thirty seven years together this was her initial outbreak. He knew he had a woman extraordinary for a wife. He attributed her answers and her manner to the heat, and being confident she was momentarily crazed he crooned at her: "Why, woman dear? Tell me why."

"You are to blame, Mike Ludden!" she jerked at him. "All her life you tried to spoil her and aid her in her waywardness. When she started to school here and ran away because Miss Ruela insisted she learn to write right-handed, you gave Miss Ruela a piece of your mind about a child's will being weakened, and you withdrew Rowena, making it necessary for me to enter her in her very tender years at a convent. You notice she is right-handed now!" Until this minute he had gloried in her left-handedness. It was something different and he did not want Rowena like the other girls. "Why is she not helping me? Because whenever I had a task for her she ran to you and you went against me ever, upholding her in her wilfulness. She is nearly nineteen, Mike Ludden, and has she ever washed a dish? Tell me!" For the life of him Mike could not tell her. "Mary Carnahan washes the clothes, Mike Ludden, and they are monied people. Dr. Carnahan insists his girls learn housework. You are responsible for Rowena's ignorance and it would serve you right if she married that Smithereen dude. When the neighbors ask me in a nasty-nice way: 'Is she not a great help, Mrs. Ludden?' how do you think I feel?"

Mike was overcome. He sat dejected, as though incapable of comprehending all this. Although Mike was a policeman and Irish, he was not a fighter, and he was gentle with all women. Finally his brain cleared. Slowly he rose and went to the front door. He saw Rowena, not ten feet from him, reading.

"Rowena!" he bellowed.

"Yes Papa," she said sweetly, laying aside the book.

"Rowena!" he roared again, and it sounded like the earth's end.

"What is it, Papa?"

"Come here!"

She had often heard him use this tone to the boys. Expectantly she went to him. He slapped her across the face. She did not flinch but drew herself up to her full five feet two and with flashing eyes asked:

"How dare you?"

He was lookin at the palm of his hand. He struck a woman and he had hurt himself. He meant to apologize to her and ask her to help Mama, but across the palm of his hand was a red smear. Paint!

"Is your face painted?" he asked.

"My lips are rouged."

"Go into the bath room and wash your face. If I ever see you fixed up like this again the result will be the damndest trouncing a person ever took," said Mike, and he meant it.

He stood in the bath room door as she laved her face. She did a good job. Across her cheek two welts were rising. He had not meant to strike so hard—in fact he had not meant to raise his hand at all, but blind impulse had carried him beyond all reason.

"Come and help your mother," he said.

"I do not know how to do kitchen work," she answered.

"I will teach you. Hey, Mama! Want us to peel potatoes?"

Manny did. Wait. She would go to the cellar for them.

"Rowena will get them," said Mike. Which she did, and brought them to the back porch to him, saying: "Mama says we are not to pare them thick."

"Hereafter, Rowena O'Reilly Ludden, you are to wash the dishes three times a day and make the beds—."

"Three times per day also?" she asked innocently.

"No sass," said Mike. "And wash the clothes and iron and—"

"Papa, I know I am a pig. I will help Mama. Mary Carnahan can cook and wash and everything and she is way ahead of me in school. And Papa, if I learn to cook, will you let me go to Las Vegas to the Normal? I want to be a teacher. Please, Papa."

"No need for you to work," said Mike.

"Want me to stay here an marry that Smithereen person or some musical Mexican?"

"You can go to Normal," said Mike slashing a potato.

The devotion of all devotions is the love of Jesus Christ and the frequent thought of the love which this most amiable Redeemer has borne and still bears to us.—St. Alphonsus.

The Undaunted Christmas Spirit

MAUDE GARDNER

IT was Christmas Eve. The pungent odor of cedar filled the close, warm room of a third-floor rooming house, and Mary Dean, throwing up the sash of the one big window, leaning out with a little cry, sniffed deeply of the fresh, sweet air of joy to gather a few of the fast-falling flakes in her upturned palms.

"It's going to be a real Christmasy Christmas Eve," she said aloud joyfully, as with crutch under each arm, she turned back into the homey room, face radiant, eyes and cheeks glowing.

The soft, white curtains fluttered in and out of the window while winter sounds came floating in—the dumping of coal in cellar doors, a boy with holly and mistletoe crying his wares. Christmas Eve had come at last! And Mary Dean, with a happy, satisfied sigh, looked on the little Christmas tree, among whose green boughs the last shining ornament had been placed.

They always had a tree, she and Jimmy, and last Sunday Jimmy had ridden to the end of the street car line and then walked for miles to find this one. And what fun they had had fixing it securely in the tiny wooden box, around which she had draped green tissue paper and now it rested on a table near the window, its branches reaching half way to the ceiling.

And now she was ready for Jimmy's big surprise! The surprise which for days and nights she had been secretly planning! Sometimes a little pang of fear had filled her heart, checking for a moment its heavy beating as she thought she might fail in the carrying out of her cherished plan, but in the full light of day—a glorious Christmas Eve day—all doubts were gone and she knew she could do it—for Jimmy.

She was going down to the store to surprise Jimmy! She, Mary Dean, who had not been down the stairs since the day, almost a year ago, when they had carried her down to the waiting ambulance and had carried her back six weeks later with the naked, leering truth standing out; Never again to walk without the aid of crutches! Never more be partner in the happy little store just round the corner! Always to be a burden on Jimmy, the idolized brother!

At first she had believed it was nothing serious but, as day after day passed, belief faded into hope; and then the colors of hope faded into the gray tension of suspense. The smell of ether would always recall to her mind the morning when the kind-hearted doctor had told her—and with a cry she had turned her face to the wall, desolation unutterable coming upon

her as a vision of the future flashed into her vision—the endless stretch of time and she, who had been so strong and loved life so, an invalid, and a burden on Jimmy. And over and over again she had asked herself the futile question of human hearts. Why? Oh why did it have to be?

And then the doctor had gone. She felt a blast of cold air and the softly closing of a door and Jimmy was at her side, his face pale but his eyes shining as he caught her hands convulsively and told her she was not to worry, that nothing was so bad but that it might be worse and that he would take care of her. So, sitting by her bed, he had stroked her hand and planned the little home they would build some day—a tiny place somewhere in the country, not too far from his work, a place with no steps to climb and where she should have a little garden and her flowers and perhaps a few chickens and Jimmy would always be going home to her at night. Jimmy with the springy step and merry whistle! How she had listened for that step and whistle through the pain-freighted months following her return from the hospital, and then one day he had bounded up the stairs, two steps at a time, carrying in his arms the crutches he had ordered for her, and together they had adjusted them, and after a few futile efforts she had been able to walk across the room, while Jimmy's cheery voice had rung out:

"I told you it wasn't going to be so bad; and if it weren't for the stairs, you'd be all right."

Was it her imagination or had Jimmy's whistle grown a little less cheery and his step a bit slow? Only last night she had noticed that his coat was getting shabby and his shoulders drooped a bit. But Jimmy was only twenty-three. He shouldn't be having drooped shoulders and he must have a new suit.

Jimmy had been wonderful to her through it all—a perfect combination of gentleness and power and humor. During all the anxious, watching time of her illness he had waited on her with a vigilance that never slackened, and then when she was able for him to go back to the store again, she had looked forward through the lonely days to the long evenings when Jimmy would recount all the funny experiences of the day, and sometimes when she tried to pity him for having to stay indoors with her, he had placed his hand over her mouth and sternly bade her hush.

But on business matters Jimmy had grown strangely reticent of late, for whenever she asked him about the hospital bills, he managed to change the subject as quickly as possible; but whenever she asked him, which she did often: "How was business today, Jimmy?" he always replied: "Fine, Mary, fine."

And once, a week ago, she had inquired: "Do you miss me in the store Jimmy?" and he had answered:

"The store's never been the same since you left, Mary." And somehow Jimmy's voice had sounded queer and he had looked embarrassed.

And then last week she had ventured to say, half jokingly:

"Jimmy, I'm so crazy to see inside the store again. I've a mind to try getting down the stairs."

But Jimmy, the color dropping from his face, his eyes wide, alarmed, had quickly replied in a strangely odd voice:

"No, Mary, you must never try that. What if you should fall? Don't ever think of doing that."

But she knew she could do it. Jimmy had been unnecessarily alarmed. There would be no danger of falling, for she would be sitting down, taking one step at a time, and when she reached the street she could easily walk the distance by the aid of her crutches. It might be a laborious task, the getting down the stairs, and it would take time, but she could do it she knew, and how pleased and surprised Jimmy would be when he saw her coming into the store, smiling and unhurt.

And she could help wait on the customers, for, of course, he would be busy on Christmas Eve. So many people would be wanting electric bulbs to make their homes bright at Yuletide, and they had always sold dozens of the irons and grills to those looking for the more practical gifts.

Mary Dean smiled as the vision of joy filled her heart, and began to dress with fevered energy, her hands moving with lightning speed. It was no material gift she was giving Jimmy this year, but something that he would prize far more.

At last she was ready, and looking about the room to see that everything was in order, eagerly made her way to the door and softly opened it. No one was about and, swinging herself to the head of the stairs, she leaned one crutch against the wall, took hold of the balustrade and eased down to a sitting position, then with both crutches clasped in one hand, began the descent.

One step already! Why, it wasn't difficult at all! Two steps! Three! The first Christmas she and Jimmy had spent alone she had given him that copy of Riley's poems. That was a sad Christmas to them both—just what the Christmastide had meant to all hearts that had suffered human loss—the first Christmas, full of that pain of the heart that seems to end in the cry that mothers ought never to leave us, but they had gone through it with as brave a

spirit as possible in the little apartment home that seemed so cold, so empty, so strangely lacking a presence, but then they had the memory of her great love and a faith that looked "beyond the green-heaped mound," and somehow, somehow, they had borne it.

The first landing was reached! Just two more flights of stairs! It was easy after all! Their second Christmas alone she had made Jimmy the bath robe because she could make it cheaper than a good one would cost. Her skirt was getting soiled, but a little thing like that did not matter. She could brush off the dust and next time she would wear an old one over her dress and make it into a bundle before going on the street. Next time! Why, she would be coming often now after Jimmy saw there was no danger, and if they could not buy the little house for a few years, it would make no difference.

The landing about the last flight was reached! Yes, the old lonely days were over now—the unsatisfied craving for a sight of the little store with the sun shining through the south window. She would not get down every day, perhaps, but two or three times a week, on busy days, and what a help she would be to Jimmy boy, even if she did use crutches!

At last the door leading to the street was in sight and in her eagerness the crutches dropped and slid to the bottom of the stairs. In a moment she had reached them and, pulling herself up by the door knob, brushed the dust from her skirt and, placing a crutch carefully under each arm, pulled back the door to be greeted by a breath of cold, wintry air. But how sweet it was and how clear the old familiar street looked to her eager eyes.

The storm had increased and the white, feathery snowflakes pelted her as she walked, but she felt no discomfort but rather a sense of warmth and happiness seemed infused into her being. Only one thing in the wide universe mattered now, and that was to reach the little store as quickly as possible, and see the smile in Jimmy's eyes when he caught a glimpse of her and knew she had done it for him—for his Christmas surprise!

The streets were crowded—men, women and children with their arms piled high with bundles, their eyes alight with the joy of the blessed Christmastide. Merry voices rang out on the wintry air, among them the childish treble of a little boy, who clung to his mother's hand, a woolly teddy bear clasped tightly in his arms. Then another sound that had slowly and persistently risen above the din of the other noise and became a part of her mental consciousness. Somewhere near, a voice, strangely familiar was calling: "Evening paper! Evening paper!"

Mary Dean looked up, crutches halting for a second, then she stopped still, breathless, astounded! Who was that walking in front of her in Jimmy's clothes and kept calling in Jimmy's voice: "Evening paper! Evening paper!"

She leaned against the wall for support, her eyes riveted on the figure in the gray suit who stopped a few feet ahead of her to give a paper into a lady's hand and in returning her change the head was slightly turned and she got a glimpse of the profile. It was—Jimmy! Jimmy Dean!

She followed on mechanically. The corner was turned but her eyes never left the figure ahead that darted in and out, among the merry Christmas shoppers. The window of the little store was reached. It was filled with fruit! Jimmy's store and hers had electrical conveniences! And then, like a dagger thrust, the realization of the truth went through her! The store had gone to pay the doctor, the nurse, and the hospital bill!

She turned and hurried away as fast as her weak limbs, assisted by the crutches, could carry her, tottering blindly, sometimes having to lean against the wall to rest. There was a sob in her throat but the blue eyes shone as stars shine through a mist, as the street door was reached and the tedious ascent of the three flights of stairs commenced. Pulling herself up by the balustrade she reached the first landing and paused to rest. Tired, so tired, but she didn't mind. It had taken just this to make her realize the great unselfish love which filled Jimmy's heart. Through all the dark days of her pain and sorrow Jimmy's love had penetrated through the deepest shadows, but she had not sounded depths like this. The second landing was reached! Only one more flight and she would be back in the little haven to which Jimmy might come to the rest he had earned by honest toil. The last step was reached and with the bit of strength that remained she pulled herself up and entered the little room,

gay with its shining Christmas tree in the corner.

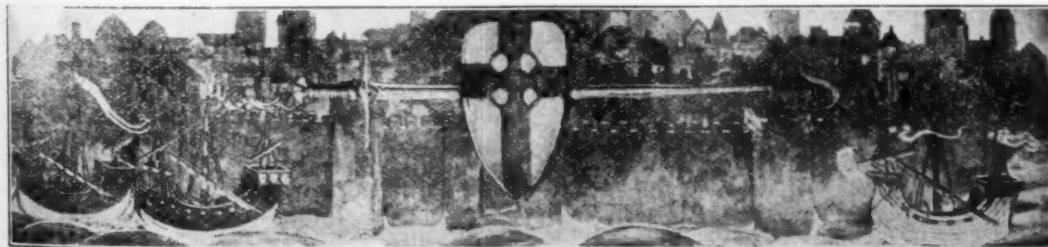
"I know what I'll give Jimmy—a spirit that copes with his, one that rises triumphant over poverty, over sickness, over everything, a spirit that will not be daunted."

The Holy Grail

"The City of Sarras" is the fourteenth in the series of the frieze decorations that were painted by Edwin A. Abbey in the Boston Public Library.

Tennyson, in his matchless picture of Galahad's last journey, shows his voyaging to "the spiritual city." But Sarras was not the New Jerusalem, for the "spiritual place" where Malory set it was manifestly, as we have seen, the Holy Land. In the fourteenth panel we behold the last abiding-place of Galahad. The stately city lies along the water. Three ships are moored in its quiet port, and a great red wall encloses the mass of buildings pinnacled and with towers. The purely decorative character of the work is emphasized by the central feature,—Galahad's sword and shield hung at rest. The hero is at the end of his adventures, and his arms are laid by.

When they came to Sarras, the shield of Galahad was recognized by an old man who greeted them at the shore as that of King Evelake, who had ruled the realm in the ooden days. Galahad and his companions were received as holy men, and by the power conferred by his purity he made whole the maimed and he healed the sick. For this the three were thrown into prison by the wicked King who was ruling there. But in their dungeon the knights were fed by the marvellous power of the Holy Grail. At last the King fell ill. He sent for the three knights, and implored their mercy. This they freely gave. The King died, and by all the assent of the whole city Galahad was made king. So came he into his kingdom. He had made himself lord of his own soul, and all else was given unto him.



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THE CITY OF SARRAS

The Revival of Gruessau Abbey

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.



GRUESSAU ABBEY CHURCH—EXTERIOR

THE Abbey of Grüssau is situated in Silesia, close to the Riesengebirge, the "Giant Mountains" which constitute the frontier between that country and Bohemia. The abbey was from of old a stronghold of civilization and monasticism, and after being suppressed a hundred years ago, now, like a number of other old German abbeys, its cloisters are peopled again with the silent black figures and its noble fane daily resounds again with the divine praises.

The renewal began five years ago, when the German Fathers of the Beuronese Abbey at Prague had to leave their home in the hands of the Bohemian (Czecho-Slovak) members of their community, and betake themselves across the frontier. Many soon gathered together in Grüssau Abbey, which had been used for school and other purposes during the past cen-

tury. Negotiations with the government had the happiest of issues; the Benedictines have obtained full ownership of the Church and Abbey buildings, and after being canonically opened as a conventual priory in September, 1923, the Abbey was in June of this year officially re-erected by Pope Pius XI, with all its rights and privileges.

The community were not slow in seeking a Father for themselves and an occupant for the long vacant abbatial throne. On July 30th, under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. Archabbot Walzer, of Beuron, they elected Dom Albert Schmitt, O. S. B., of Weingarten Abbey, to be the fiftieth Abbot of Grüssau. The Abbot-elect was confirmed at Beuron by the Archabbot, and journeyed to his new Abbey on August the 8th. Two days later, on Sunday, the feast of St. Lawrence, he was solemnly blessed during Pontifical High Mass by Cardinal Bertram, Archbishop of Breslau, who had just returned from the great Eucharistic Congress at Amsterdam.

Though the country round is mostly Protestant, the Catholic village of Grüssau had strained every nerve to give what was really a most splendid welcome to their Cardinal, their new Abbot, and the other mitred guests, who included the Abbots of Weingarten and of St. Joseph's Abbey in Westphalia. At the blessing the spacious church was crowded, the three-and-a-half-hour function being highly impressive, owing particularly to the open character of the monks' choir and the pontifical vestments of the old Abbey worn by the prelates. There were speeches of congratulation in the afternoon, and in the evening the Young Men's Society gave a concert, which concluded with a torch-light dance.

Solemnities once over, the new Abbot stands before duties and responsibilities of no ordinary kind. His will long be pioneer work in an all-but Protestant part of Germany; but prospects are bright enough if bravely faced, for since the war Holy Church has much risen in prestige in Germany as in many other countries. Kind Providence has also equipped the young Abbot efficiently to cope with his new task. Abbot Albert Schmitt was born at Mannheim on the Rhine on the 5th of January, 1894. After completing his studies at the gymnasium, he entered the Archabbey of Beuron as a novice at the age of nineteen. Some months later as Erdington Abbey, in England, was short of vocations, Frater Albert volunteered to go and join the community there, and he made his holy

profession there on May 21st, 1914. He was able to pursue his philosophical and theological studies at the Abbey undisturbed till the end of the Great War, when he was repatriated together with the other German members of the community. He was ordained priest at St. Joseph's Abbey, in Westphalia, on June 12, 1920; then proceeding to Grüssau Abbey, where he was actively engaged in the parish till the Christmas of the following year. During this time he had endeared himself to the community, and the faithful at large also appreciated his devotedness. Father Albert then rejoined the Erdington community in their new home at Weingarten, and did much good work in the parish. We was also librarian and studied and wrote on monastic history till the most unexpected news came of his election to be Abbot at Grüssau. Father Albert accepted the election, trusting in the help of God He has chosen as coat of arms three *fleurs-de-lys* on a blue shield representing heaven, precisely to signify his trust in the God who clothes the lilies of the field.

HISTORY OF THE ABBEY

It was in the middle of the thirteenth century, when Catholicism was blossoming its fairest, that Grüssau Abbey was founded. But the actual circumstances were tragic enough, for the house of prayer was founded by Anna, the wife of Duke Henry the Pious (son of St. Hedwig), after he had been slain in 1241 at the battle of Liegnitz by the Tartars, who ravaged the whole land. After the hordes had left the country, the foundation was made on May 9th, 1242, in the forest of Gris-sobor, a mile from the present Abbey. The intention of the Queen in settling Benedictines here was to have intercession made for the repose of her husband's soul, and to win efficient colonists for the land. Nor was she disappointed, for there is documentary evidence that most of the villages and settlements right into the land owe their origin to the monks. But after nearly fifty years the community had to return to assist their mother-house in Bohemia. Duke Bolko I took over the buildings, and thinking them not dignified enough, built a noble Church and Abbey close by and entrusted it to

Cistercian monks, lineal descendants of the Benedictines. In 1292, on the feast of St. Lawrence, patron of the abbey, the buildings were solemnly opened and the Divine Office taken up again by Abbot Theodoric and twelve religious. The Duke prospered the Abbey in every way, above all by endowing it with a stauta of Our Lady that had long been revered. In consequence the minster soon became famous as the "Gnadenhaus Mariae" (Mary's house of graces.)

But evil days came in the fifteenth century. In the years 1426 to 1430 the Hussites broke into Silesia with fire and sword. Grüssau was burnt down, and some seventy monks were put to death, dying as martyrs for their faith. The Madonna statue, however, had been safely concealed in the subterranean vault of the sacristy. Nothing daunted, the remaining monks and successive abbots laboured to rebuild the Abbey. The Reformation again brought trouble and distress, which culminated in December, 1620, when Abbot Martin Clayaei perished under the axes of his disaffected dependents.

Later the statue of our Lady was rediscovered and the pilgrimages of old were resumed. Under Abbot Bernard Rosa (1660-1690) the Abbey attained its golden age. The present Church was built in the years of 1728-35, and consecrated on July 3rd, 1735. On the same day the new Abbot Benedict II was Blessed. With him came the beginning of the end. Frederick II of Prussia made himself master of Silesia, and the abbot spent a year in prison under false suspicion. Later some abbots prospered, thanks to their diplomacy; but heavy



GRUESSAU ABBEY CHURCH—INTERIOR

taxation lay upon all things Catholic and crippled the energy of the abbey more and more. Finally under Abbot Ildephons Reuschel came the end. In 1810 the abbey was secularized and the monks dispersed. They lived in the world in as religious a manner as possible, keeping up correspondence with their abbot, who was allowed to remain in the deserted buildings. He daily prayed in the Church for the revival of monastic life there, and he has now been heard, just a century after his death in 1823. The fiftieth abbot has now succeeded the forty-ninth. May the spirit of so many of his great predecessors rest upon him and enable him to play a worthy part in the present Catholic revival in Germany!

Tragedy

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

THROUGH the dark rainy night two men stole up to the entrance of Calvary Cemetery. "Here we are," one of them whispered, as his flash light revealed a huge gateway, which loomed directly in front of them. "Hurry up and pick that lock. Don't take any chances. Ye can't tell when somebody may pass this way."

Soon the gates swung wide, groaning as in protest to such a nocturnal visitation. Hurredly closing them, the two worthies carefully picked their way through the graveyard until they arrived at a magnificent tomb.

"Now to work," one of them said, as he bent down and produced a crowbar from a small satchel which he had been carrying. "Keep yer light steady." Then he mounted the shallow steps of the sepulchre and began to force the entrance. The task was easier than they had expected; and soon the huge granite slab was removed, and the interior of the vault yawned black and forbidding while the sickening smell of decaying flowers greeted their nostrils.

"Say," hoarsely whispered the one who held the light, as he grasped the hand of his companion, "say, suppos'n he wern't buried wid it,— w—h—a—t, w—h—a—t, then? I—I—," his voice trailed off in a shuddering groan.

"Don't be a quitter, you fool; leggo me sleeve. Of course he has it on. Of course he has it on. Ain't I got all the inside dope. Come on. I'm goin' in, if ye ain't." And he stepped forward.

For a second or more they stood before the richly adorned casket, which lay smothered beneath a wealth of floral wreaths and bouquets, as though they were afraid to disturb the final resting place of the dead. But it was only for a second; for with hurried and uncertain fin-

gers the lid was forced open and there, clad in his graveclothes, his hands crossed upon his breast, a sphinxlike smile wreathing h's ashen countenance—lay the form of Winton Colfax, millionaire. But the spoilers hardly noticed these details, for their gaze was riveted upon a great diamond that sparkled so temptingly and magnificently on the white shirt front.

"Here, Jim, keep yer light steady," growled the rufian, who had done most of the work towards opening the tomb, as he noticed his confederate's hands trembling and heard the chattering teeth. "I swear, if ye ain't yellow and scared to death. Jist hold yer nerve for a secon' till I gets dis sparkler; watch me!" And suiting his actions to his words, he bent over the coffin and clutched the diamond. So hard did he grasp the gem, and so eager was he to secure it, that he actually lifted the body several inches from its restingplace. "Curse upon 'im," he muttered; "I'll have to git me knife and cut out the blasted thing." And thus speaking, he let the body go. As the corpse slipped back into its original position, its eyes suddenly flew open, and a deep groan escaped from its tightly locked jaws. For an instant, the men stood rooted to the spot; then, with a shriek of terror and dismay, they dashed from the tomb and pitched headlong into the night, making for the entrance of the graveyard. Gradually their footsteps died away, and a deep silence settled down, accentuated by the pattering of the rain and the low irregular moaning of the wind.

* * * * *

WINTON COLFAX sat up in his coffin. He passed a shaking hand across his forehead, as though to brush aside the misty haziness with which he was enveloped. Where in the world was he? It was strange there was no light. Had he not ordered that a light be always lit in his bedroom at night? And his command had always been obeyed.... It was very strange! How chilly it was! Could he have left a window open? But what was the matter with his bed? He felt along the sides; the bottom.... "Great God!" and a cry burst from his lips. The whole terrible truth dawned upon him: he had been buried alive; he was in his coffin. A cold sweat broke out all over his body, and frenzied terror took possession of him; and summoning all his strength, he managed to climb over the side of the coffin and fall headlong to the stone floor beneath. He lay there a long time, the shock of the fall clearing his brain. At last he got to his feet and crawled to the entrance of the vault, and sank down in a crumpled heap of the marble steps, while the fresh Spring rain and the sharp cool breeze soon revived him.

Gradually things became clearer and clearer, and he began to remember all that had taken place during his illness,—even to the minutest happenings. The last incident that he recalled was the face of his son, the only surviving member of his family, bending over his bed, a look of the deepest concern upon his face; then, oblivion.

But what could those men have wanted in his tomb? They were robbers for he had noticed that one of them wore a mask; the other, he had been unable to see, as his face had been entirely in the shadow. Their coming had saved his life. Thank God for that! Robbers? Why? Then he remembered the request he had made of his faithful old servant, just before he breathed his last, when the doctors had informed him there was no further hope for his final recovery. A request eccentric, if you will, but, nevertheless, one upon which he had set his heart. The request had been that the magnificent diamond given him by his dead wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, which had been an heirloom in her family for years, and with which he had promised never to part,—this beautiful gem he had ordered to be buried with him; and his body servant was charged with the execution of this, his last earthly wish. That the man had been faithful to his master's wishes, and that someone had got wind of the whole affair, and had determined to steal the jewel, no matter at what costs,—was now all too apparent; hence the attempted robbery.

How long he lay thus, revolving all these things in his mind, he never knew. The distant low-measured booming of the tower clock, not far distant striking the hour of ten, finally broke in upon his reverie. He staggered to his feet and rested against one of the marble pillars which supported the entrance. He felt cold and terribly weak. He couldn't stay out here all night. He must get home. Thank God, his house wasn't so far away; only a few blocks from the cemetery. It was still early yet, and his son John would still be up. His dear, dear boy! And if any one could have seen the face of the newly-risen, he would have beheld a smile light up that care-worn countenance, making it very beautiful and very noble,—the smile of a parent who deeply cherished and loved his only son.

His dear, dear boy! How sad and lonely he must be! He could picture him sitting disconsolately by the library fire, the tears starting to his eyes as he thought about his poor old dad who lay stark and cold in his newly-made grave. Yes! Yes! John was a good boy. A little wayward, but good, withal.... What a surprise it would be! And how happy John

would be to have his old father back home again! But he must be careful not to scare him. He mustn't come in upon him too unexpectedly. No; he'd so arrange things as not to frighten the boy. He'd steal home and go to one of the guests' rooms and wait there until morning before he'd reveal himself.

As he passed through the entrance gate of the cemetery, which the robbers had failed to shut in their precipitate flight, he knew that few people would be abroad on such a night. He was glad of this, for he was not anxious to meet any one, especially any person with whom he was personally acquainted. He noticed that the houses on the opposite side of the graveyard were all dark, save for an occasional light which burned in an upper story. The people of Herring Terrace were early-a-bed.

Overhead the sky began to clear; and through the rifts in the fast flying clouds he could catch the glitter of stars.

He walked slowly on, stopping now and again to rest, for he was quite weak, hugging the shadows as he did so. He had gone about three blocks, and had only one more to go before he reached home, when, just as he passed before the residence of his former partner, he heard the front door open and the sound of voices. There was nothing left for him to do but shrink behind one of the marble pillars of a neighboring gateway and wait.

"Well, good night, Mr. Wellington," said a voice, which he instantly recognized as that of his partner, "yes, I really think it was the best thing that could have happened. You see Colfax was getting too old for the job. He was simply impervious to any new ideas. It was utterly impossible to give the old fellow any advice; he knew it all. The last few months were becoming unbearable. It was a godsend that he died. It solved so many things."

"But what about the boy? He's your new partner, isn't he?" inquired the visitor, as he moved slowly down the steps. "Do you think he'll make good?"

The other laughed heartily. "Of course not. Now, what I'm going to tell you is confidential, and I don't want you to breathe a word about it to anyone. You see young Colfax is N. G.—N. G. in capital letters. He'll never do anything. He had the old man bluffed up to his neck; why the boy's an inveterate gambler. That's where all his money goes. Whenever he wanted to get any money out of his dad, he simply faked up a story about some pet charity of his; and the old man never once fell to the truth. Of course, you know that his debts run up to the tens of thousands. I'm afraid that there won't be much left of the Colfax millions when young Colfax gets through

with them. And you want to know how I'll get along with him? Ha! Ha! Ha! That's easy. The boy is a negative quantity; I'll run all the business myself; and if things don't go on satisfactorily after a month or so, I'll arrange things so that it'll be so hot for him that he'll resign his partnership in favor of a great chum of mine. We'll, I don't want to keep you too long; it's a bit chilly out here, don't you think so?.... I wonder how the old man likes it in his big fine tomb out there in the cemetery tonight? He was a queer sort of a chap; they say he made several funny requests. One was that his body should not be embalmed; the other, that he'd be buried with that famous diamond of his, that he was always wearing. Well, good-night, good-night; come and see me whenever you get the chance. You know you are always welcome." And the door closed.

Colfax's mind was in a daze. He swayed forward like a drunken man. It was fortunate for him that the man who had just left the house walked in the opposite direction and did not pass by his place of concealment, otherwise Colfax would have certainly been discovered.

What a fool he had been! A fool in every way imaginable! Both his lifelong partner and his son had completely bluffed him. What rascality! A groan of anguish escaped him. He felt as though he were dying. His hands tore at his collar and tore it off; he must have air; he was choking. For some time he stood there gasping for breath; then the cool winds gave him considerable relief, and once more he staggered down the street, determined to reach home, no matter what it cost him. He'd confront his son and let him know that his rascality was exposed. It mattered little what happened afterwards.

A few minutes later, a dark figure stole noiselessly through the great lawn, which swept in front of the Colfax Mansion, and silently forced open one of the windows on the lower story.

As Winton Colfax climbed into the room, which had been his den, like a thief in the night, he could hear quite plainly the sound of one pacing ceaselessly up and down in library beyond. Without doubt it was his son. He knew only too well that hurried irregular stride.... Then a sudden weakness seized him, and for a time he lay in a heap, half unconscious, on one of the chairs, which he managed to find in that darkness so reminiscent of that other which he had just left.

Finally he rose to his feet and groped his way to the door which opened into the library. He stood there, his hand grasping the knob, a thousand thoughts rushing through his brain, a cold sweat pouring over his body.

Yes, yes, he realized it now—only too well!—that this was a punishment from God. It was all perfectly clear, clear as the sun that shone in God's heaven. He was to blame for his son's waywardness. He had spoiled the boy: he had brought him to love the world and the wealth it had to offer; to enjoy life while he could. Ah, if he had only raised the lad in the religion that he and his wife had loved so well, and had so ardently practised when they had first married and when they were simple-minded people and feared and loved God above all else.... before wealth had come into their lives.

Pictures of the past floated before him, pictures of happiness and peace. How happy, how very happy he had been! Then the change, when the craving for wealth had come into his life. It was the same old story: happiness had departed, and with it the love of God, and the religion which had given him so much consolation had become flat and insipid.

How his wife had changed! From the gentle, simple woman of a few wants she had been transformed into a cold reserved woman of the world, caring only for wealth and ostentatious show.... And she had died like this, without the consolations of her religion. He had tried to get a priest, but she had refused his offer.... It was strange that her death had not brought him back to the sweet influence of a faith which had been such a factor in his younger years. Ah, he had been wrapped too much in his son. He had built his happiness upon the faithfulness of his boy, he had forgotten God, and now, God had turned from him. Thank God he had not died! He still had a chance to live and repent.

He came to himself with a start. The entrance bell was ringing. Who could the visitor be at such an hour of the night? The footsteps of his son had stopped for a moment; then he heard the boy cross the room. A door opened.... silence. A minute or two passed. Finally the sound of voices and the tread of men reached his ears. A door closed, and almost unconsciously, he found himself eagerly listening.

"Well," said a voice, his son's, "you are certainly late. I thought you fellows were never coming. Anything happened?"

"What's the matter?" another voice replied, "what kept us? I never had such an experience in all my life.... Ask Jim."

"All right, all right, tell us about that afterwards. I haven't all night to waste on you. Have you got it? Hand it over. I must have it by tomorrow. I must raise enough money to tide me over for a few days. Till the old man's will is read, and I'm put in possession of the

property. Don't worry you'll be well paid for your work—"

"Got it?" almost shrieked the other, "got it? My God! How could I.... He sat up in his coffin...."

Suddenly a deep groan was heard, a groan of unutterable anguish. And there, swaying under the light, before the terrified gaze of the three men, was Winton Colfax, he who had come back to life.

An awful cry burst forth from one of the little group—from a young man who was standing near one of the windows. "Great God in heaven! My father!" And he fell back, his hands covering his face.

The Common Cold

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

THERE is no disease which causes as much disability, and affects such a large proportion of the people as the common cold (*coryza*). The subject is especially interesting at this time because colds are very prevalent during the fall months, and thousands of people are now suffering with this condition.

Colds were formerly thought to be due to drafts, exposure, changeable weather, or bad air, because they often followed such conditions. However, it is now known that drafts, exposure, bad air, and changeable weather are only predisposing agents which lower the individual's resistance and allow the cold germs to secure a foothold. This happens particularly in those individuals who are somewhat below par physically.

There are several varieties of cold germs and they are constantly present in the nasal passages of most people. These germs are held in abeyance by healthy tissues and cause no symptoms. However, when the individual becomes weakened by overwork, worry, or some other cause such as those mentioned previously, the germs become active and a cold follows. It should be generally known that colds are contagious and the secretions given off by sneezing, coughing and osculation are very infectious. This explains the fact that a cold will affect a whole family in a short time, and only the most physically fit will be immune.

Most contagious colds would be prevented if individuals suffering with them would cover the mouth when coughing, or sneezing and not allow the cold secretions to come in contact with others.

Colds are never fatal of themselves but are often forerunners of more serious conditions such as pneumonia, and tuberculosis, which of-

(Continued on page 372)

Keeping Christmas

FRANK HERBERT SWEET

IT is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere markings of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to see their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things, even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death, and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it a day, why not always?

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Slowly but surely the silent automatic switchboard is replacing the 'number, please,' of the hand-operated central. The causes for the change are the wearing out of the old equipment, the scarcity of telephone operators, and the increase in wages. New York City is to see its 'centrals' machine-equipped in a few years.

—Cutting off light to secure more light is the queer principle of new spectacles for certain cases of cataract. When the cataract is a small opacity in the centre of the eye, the new glasses, by cutting off light from the front and sides, cause the pupils of the eye to dilate enough to admit more light around the edges.

—The effect of politics on business appears to be exaggerated. A study of statistics for the ups and downs of business during the last forty years shows that both parties in power had respectively 55 per cent of prosperous months and 45 per cent of months of depression.

—Sir William Crookes is known to the popular mind probably more as spiritist than as scientist. In the Life of Sir William Crookes, by Dr. Fournier d'Albe, there is an interesting chapter as to Crookes' relations to the spiritists. The distinguished scientist failed to convince his scientific colleagues that he had succeeded in experimental proof of the spirits, and, after a few years, he withdrew from active participation in the séances. The 'spirit photograph,' in which he thought to trace the image of his deceased wife, he held too precious to submit for examination to sceptics. The negative, according to Mr. Gardiner, "showed clear signs of double exposure."

—Dr. Walsh, in his "Cures: The Story of the Cures that Fail," after reviewing the various cure-alls from magnetism to Couéism, finds the reason for their temporary success in the mental state of the sufferer. The doctor writes: "The only thing we can do is to laugh quietly at human nature, for we are all in it, and there is no way of getting out of it." It is his wish that: "The practice of medicine should be a science rather than an art."

—The hookworm has yielded to a liquid fire extinguisher, carbon tetrachloride. The hookworm in the human intestine is the cause of the hookworm disease so prevalent in southern countries. Missionaries and physicians in tropical countries reported that carbon tetrachloride will cure usually in one dose. A small number of fatalities,—30 in 1,500,000 persons treated,—leads to further investigations. It was found that if milk, fat, or anything containing alcohol, were in the stomach or intestine unpleasant results might follow. Today epsom salts and tetrachloride (the two go hand in hand) are being shipped by the ton to countries where the disease is endemic.

—A ship's lifeboat often becomes a death boat through the imperfect machinery for launching. A

recent invention arranges for the launching rolling derricks that obviate the danger.

—Better locomotives are in sight. It is stated that two of the present improved locomotives can pull as much as three of the older types. An interesting development is the 'booster.' It is a small cylinder applied to the wheels of the engine's trailer, which may be compared to a low gear of the automobile. It is used at starting, for low speeds, for heavy grades. A three-cylinder engine for heavy freight service is advocated by some builders.

—To add twenty years to the lives of people included in a selected district in New York City, a two million dollar fund is to be applied to fight the grim reaper. It will be interesting to read twenty years hence as to the outcome of the plan.

—A sun bath for certain foods is said to endow them with the power of curing rickets. Rickets is due to the lack of power to assimilate lime. The results are bowed legs, abnormal chests, poor teeth, etc. Animals fed on certain foods that had been stored in the shade were found to develop rickets. But after the same foods were exposed to sunlight, they did not cause the bad effect.

—The danger in airplane flying is not in the flying,—it is in the landing. A new invention from France seeks to make the plane into a big parachute when it takes a downward plunge.

—The laundry is often blamed for the fringed edges on collars and cuffs. But a laundry journal calls attention to the fact that saw-edges on such wearing apparel may also result, and often does result from poor cotton fibers in the cloth.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—It is proposed to establish junk shops near railroad crossings,—increased supply of materials at these points.

—Some politicians will be unhappy in heaven,—no chance to make laws.

—Patronize home industry by buying moonshine,—a good chance to die for your country.

—As autos increase in number, there should be more chance of a seat on a street car.

—The bootlegger and those that patronize him get it in the neck.

—Step on gasoline and it goes up.

—The chronic kicker is like a cold motor—knocking and jerking back.

—We admire pure grit,—but not in spinach.

—During the past campaign, when speeches were broadcasted, it was much easier to turn the switch than to leave the hall.

—In case of another oil war, we might speak of the stormy petrol.

—The cowcatcher on the railway engine might be replaced by the auto meter.

—Transatlantic flights leave the naval programs in the air.

—A new way to make butter,—milk delivery in Fords.

—In the summer time radio fans are not for the person who wishes to keep cool.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The first priest to be appointed on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, a State institution, is the Rev. Andrew M. Keefe, of the Praemonstratensian Order, who will teach botany.

—At its annual demonstration, the Holy Name Society of Cincinnati marched 30,000 strong through the streets of the city to Redland Field. Here the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, the pledge of the Holy Name Society was renewed, and Benediction was given. The ceremonies closed with the *Te Deum*.

—Six varieties of commemorative stamps, with Government approval, will be issued at Rome to mark the jubilee year. The profits from the sale of these stamps will be turned over to the Holy Year committee.

—The body of Pope Leo XIII was transferred privately on the night of October 23rd from its temporary resting place in St. Peter's to the Basilica of St. John Lateran. The solemn interment services occurred in the latter church on November 2nd.

—The Holy Father has established a chair of Latin at the Pontifical Gregorian University to encourage young ecclesiastics to learn to write Latin well. Laymen as well as the clergy will be allowed to take this course, which covers a period of two years.

—Patrick B. Delaney, of South Orange, N. J., a noted inventor of electrical appliances, died in October. Some of his inventions are devices for sending six messages simultaneously over one wire, for transmitting and recording over a single wire 3,000 words a minute, for locating metal in ships sunk at sea, automatic systems for ocean cables, also a talking machine.

—The Pontifical College Josephinum, founded by the late Monsignor Jessing in 1888, at Columbus, Ohio, for educating to the priesthood talented boys without means, has outgrown the narrow limits of the city. The authorities of the Josephinum have acquired 120 acres of land on the Olentangy River, eleven miles from the heart of Columbus. Twenty-six acres of this tract, which has a frontage of 1,300 feet and a depth of 4,000, is covered with natural timber. On October 9th the faculty and student body spent the day on the newly acquired grounds and took "solemn and ritual possession" of the new estate. At an early date suitable buildings will be erected to meet the demands of a greater Josephinum. For this purpose approximately \$250,000 has been contributed in small amounts. In like manner more than 170 scholarships have been established. The Josephinum is under the immediate supervision of the Holy See. Its students are assigned to the various dioceses of the United States by the Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

—At St. Monica Church, Kansas City, Missouri, Rev. Stephen Theobald, of St. Paul, Minnesota, one of the four colored priests in the United States, conducted a mission in October for a congregation of his race.

—A mission was given to the inmates of the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh in mid-October. Although the prisoners were not compelled to be present, the attendance was large and gratifying. A number of priests were on hand to hear confessions in the various languages of those who made the mission.

—The Cardinal Gibbons Institute, a national school near Baltimore for colored youth, was dedicated on the last Sunday of October. The institute, which was opened immediately, will educate in separate departments colored boys and girls of fourteen years and upward. The courses, which begin with junior high school work and continue as far as demanded and facilities will permit, will include farming, building trades, domestic science, and the preparation of colored teachers. The celebrant, deacon, and subdeacon of the Solemn High Mass at the dedication ceremonies were all colored priests.

—Osiium, which is the heaviest substance known, a hard, bluish or greyish white metallic element of the platinum group, has been discovered near Victoria, British Columbia. This metal is used for electric light filaments. Its alloy with iridium is used for tipping gold pens.

—At the North American College in Rome there is an enrolment of 181 students. Twenty-five of these received the order of the diaconate recently.

—A bridge on the Meridian Highway over the Missouri River at Yankton, South Dakota, joining the latter state with Nebraska, was completed recently. A feature of the opening of this bridge for traffic was an eight-day celebration, which began on Sunday morning, October 12th. Archbishop Harty, of Omaha, approaching from the Nebraska side, and Bishop Mahoney, coming from the Dakota side, met half way. The two prelates clasped hands to symbolize the linking of the two states. A procession was then formed which wended its way to the Benedictine Convent of the Sacred Heart at Yankton, where Archbishop Harty celebrated a Pontifical High Mass and Bishop Mahoney preached.

—Rev. William Hughes, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian missions, has been appointed a domestic prelate by Pope Pius XI.

—Mrs. Bridget Clancy, for more than eighty years a resident of Washington, D. C., died on October 19th at the ripe old age of 102. Mrs. Clancy, who was native of County Clare, Ireland, never wore glasses, yet she could read until shortly before her death.

MISSION

—The saintly founder of the great mission society of the Divine Word, Rev. Arnold Jansen, who died in 1909, may some day be raised to the honor of the altar. The first steps in the process of canonization have been taken. The society that he founded, now in its fiftieth

year, has had a marvelous growth. There are 757 priests, 1,255 brothers, and more than 2,000 students preparing themselves for the priesthood in the Society.

—Two seminaries for native African boys, who wish to become priests, are projected: the one, in Southern Nigeria, with Father O'Donnell, C. Ss. Sp., in charge; the other, in East Africa, under the supervision of Rev. John Todorowski, C. Ss. Sp. Both of these priests belong to the American province of their Order.

—The Missionaries of St. Columban, whose field is China, opened at Silver Creek, New York, not far from Buffalo, on October 7th, feast of the Most Holy Rosary, a preparatory seminary, which is the fifth that the Society has founded in six years.

—Five Sisters of Charity of the Convent Station mother house, in New Jersey, have gone to the foreign missions of the Hunan Province in China.

EUCCHARISTIC

—Denver has a tabernacle society of more than 5,000 members. This society, which was established only twelve years ago, has supplied vestments to missions and poor parishes in five of the surrounding states. That is overstepping parochialism and looking into the needs of one's neighbor beyond the confines of parish and diocese.

—The Benedictine Sisters of Clyde, Missouri, have kept perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed since 1879. At the striking of the clock each hour of the day during the week two sisters enter the sanctuary to replace those who have just concluded their hour. On Sundays and festivals there are four instead of two. The vigil is kept up throughout each night by three others at every hour. Besides these official hours, each sister spends an hour privately, and also makes numerous shorter visits. The occupation of the blessed in heaven is perpetual adoration before the throne of God, whom they are privileged to see face to face.

BENEDICTINE

—While working on the site of the proposed Catholic boy's school at Liberty Lake, Washington, Bro. Laurentius Brenner, O. S. B., was killed by a runaway team that he was driving. Brother Laurentius belonged to the Foreign Mission Benedictines of St. Ottilien who are establishing a house in the diocese of Spokane.

—Very Rev. Alphonse Sausen, O. S. B., formerly rector of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, is now Prior of Sacred Heart Abbey at Shawnee, Oklahoma.

—The new St. Scholastica Convent and mother house of the Benedictine Sisters, on Benedictine Heights, Fort Smith, Arkansas, the first unit of a \$600,000 plant, was blessed on September 14th. This building, modern in all its appointments, is a three-wing structure 180 by 95 feet with 51,000 square feet of floor space.

—The drawings of Holy Cross Monastery and school buildings, at Cañon City, Colorado, present a handsome appearance. The whole group will be constructed in Collegiate Gothic style. The first unit of this group

which is now under way, is to be completed before the opening of school next September.

—The Benedictine Sisters of Mt. St. Scholastica, Atchison, Kansas, have elected Sister Lucy Dooley, O. S. B., in place of the lately deceased Rev. Mother Aloysia Northman, O. S. B.

—In the establishment of St. Anselm's Priory in the vicinity of the Catholic University in October, the contemplated Benedictine foundation at Washington became a reality. The four American priests—Thomas Verner Moore, M. D., Ph. D., John E. Haldi, Ph. D., Francis J. Walsh, Ph. D., and John B. Diman, known in religion as Fathers Thomas, Albert, Augustine, and Hugh, respectively—who entered the novitiate of Fort-Augustus Abbey in Scotland, last year, and were professed on September 8th, 1924, form the nucleus of the new foundation. These four pioneers were accompanied to America by the Rt. Rev. Joseph McDonald, O. S. B., Abbot of Fort-Augustus, who will remain with the young foundation until December. Another American priest, Dom Benedict Brosnahan, O. S. B., who belonged to Downside Abbey in England, has joined St. Anselm's. Besides these the community also numbers three clerics from Fort-Augustus Abbey who will pursue their studies at the Catholic University. They brought along two lay brothers and another will come later. Very Rev. Dom Wulstan Knowles, O. S. B., likewise of Fort-Augustus, will be Prior. A frame house on their forty-acre tract was adapted to monastic purposes and the Priory began to function true to Benedictine ideals with full canonical hours. Here will be carried out the full liturgical life of the Church with daily High Mass and the Divine Office in choir. While St. Anselm's Priory has been established primarily for higher studies and scientific research, it will also educate for the priesthood at the Catholic University boys and young men with Benedictine vocation. To keep in touch with its friends, St. Anselm's issues, under the able editorship of Dom Augustine Walsh, O. S. B., an instructive monthly called *The Placidian*.

To promote the ideals of piety and their application to family life, education, and science, is the purpose of the magazine, which may be had for \$2.00 the year by addressing the editor, Box 4403, Brookland, D. C. For next year it promises important articles by men of note. Like all other beginnings the new foundation will not be without its hardships and privations. Many, no doubt will be inspired to lend a helping hand occasionally that the object of the new foundation may be accomplished and "that God may be glorified in all things," as St. Benedict directs in his Holy Rule. May St. Anselm's Priory flourish and become one of the glories of the Church and an ornament of the Order of the Patriarch of the Monks of the West.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS A. BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

FRANCE:—In "Doctrinal Pages on the Sacred Heart" (Beauchesne, 1924, 194 pp. 6 frs.), the Olivetan, Abbot

B. Maréchaux, considers the substance of the devout, strong, and consoling devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the life of the Church.

For the securing of artistic Benedictine books, cards, pictures, or medals, we advise the reader to address himself to Rev. A. J. Corbierre, 7 Rue du Coëtlogon, Paris. This priest, a Benedictine oblate, has devoted his life to the fostering of devotion towards our Holy Founder. He has published two volumes, containing 50 maps which depict 263 types of the medal and cross of St. Benedict. It is, by far, the richest collection extant. These two volumes easily surpass the former works of Doms Piolin and Guéranger on Benedictine numismatics. Father Corbierre recently struck three medals:—In 1917, a commemoration medal of Dom Mabillon (1652-1707); a medal for the millenary of Cluny (910-1910) and one of Dom Montfaucon (1655-1741). It is true that the Jubilee Benedictine Medal, created by the Beuronese artists, is the most artistic of all, but Father Corbierre has struck one more original and more beautiful. This indefatigable worker also published two Benedictine Almanacs for the years 1910-1911 which have not been surpassed, even by Dom Hildebrand Dawes of Ampleforth Abbey, England, who has been publishing the "Benedictine Almanac and Guide" since 1863. Abbé Corbierre has also collected over 40,000 volumes written by Benedictines and some 20,000 rare illustrations of Benedictine subjects.

The 15th volume of the "Pax" collection is a biography of "Dom Grégoire Tarrisse" (1575-1648), first Superior-General of the Maurist Congregation (1618-1789), by François Rousseau (1924, 230 pp.). It is an interesting life of a promoter of Benedictine erudition who realized, in his own person, the type of the ideal superior recommended by our Holy Rule. By his love of souls, which gave him the supernatural tact to guide such men as St. Vincent de Paul and J. J. Olier, he rendered many services to the Church. His is a figure of a monk who deserved a place apart in the history of our Order, for he remains one of its most pure illustrations. The photograph given in the book is from a painting which usually is said to be the picture of Dom Mabillon. It is true that in the 17th century they were not scrupulous in the matter of portraits!

Canon Chenessau, in "St. Benedict's Mausoleum in the Abbey Church of Fleury-sur-Loire" (8^o, 32 pp., 6 copperplates, 3 frcs.), tells us how in the middle of the 17th century, the Maurists desired to place in the large basilica of Fleury, a mausoleum worthy of "their Father" and to expose on the sumptuous main altar the chasse containing the relics brought from Monte Cassino. The large marble altar received the reliquies in 1661. During the revolution the silver reliquary disappeared. The mausoleum was to be removed because its style was not in harmony with that of the basilica which was built in the 12th century. That was in 1860. Nothing, however, transpired until last year when a commission decreed that the mausoleum should be deposited in one of the transepts to serve as a monument

to the dead soldiers of the Great War. How times have changed!

ITALY:—Dom Edmundus Battisti, O. S. B., of the Subiaco Province does not intend to remain in the background of the liturgical movement. To his Missal (Latin-Italian) he has published the "Breviario," containing the Vespers for all Sundays of the Year and Matins and Lauds of all the great feasts. Brief notes accompany the Italian translation of the Latin offices. Once again, Dom Battisti, in the "Breviario" (Torino-Roma, 40 lire) opens to the Italian faithful the treasures of our sublime liturgy.

Pope Pius XI recently sent an important letter to the Abbot-Primate commenting on the establishment of Catholic monasteries (Oriental rite) in Russia. The observances and customs of these oriental monks in their Slavonic, Greek, and Bulgarian monasteries is, in detail, very interesting and witnesses relate that it is very edifying to assist at their offices celebrated in the beautiful liturgy of St. John Chrysostom.

The Primitive Observance Congregation, instituted at Subiaco in 1872, having its headquarters at San Ambrogio in Rome, has issued a commemoration album of its 50th anniversary. The congregation comprises in its six provinces, 1137 monks inhabiting 35 abbeys. The album, which contains beautiful views of all these abbeys, may be procured from Dom Bramati, O. S. B., at Subiaco proto-monastery.

A matter of great interest to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, is the foundation of a Catholic University in Peking, China. The Catholic Church possesses but one superior school in China, Aurora College, at Shanghai, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, whereas the non-Catholics count eight schools of higher education. The foundation for the new university was first proposed to the Benedictines of the Belgian Congregation, but they were unable to serve the Holy See in that capacity, since they have large colleges at Maredsous and St. André. Most of the faculty members of San Anselmo and the Greek College of San Athanasio in Rome are monks of that congregation. They also have some 15 monks in the Prefecture-Apostolic of Katanga, Belgian Congo. The opportunity was then offered to the monks of Solesmes, France, who stated that there were no monks available for such an enterprise. The monks of Solesmes pride themselves as being the successors of the Cluniasts and Maurists and universally condemn those Benedictines who are teaching in seminaries and colleges—they seem to ignore the fact that both Cluniasts and Maurists also taught! The Maurists, at one time, conducted 30 secondary schools and six military colleges. The present monks of Solesmes confine themselves to singing the office in choir (7½ hours daily and writing in their cells. The Holy Father was more fortunate in securing the acceptance of the mission by the American Cassinese Congregation and, as stated in the August GRAIL, two missionaries have already left St. Vincent's Archabbey to prepare the way for the establishment of the university.

(Continued on page 372)



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Merry Christmas once again! Merry Christmas always old and never new! Christmas with its good cheer and happiness, and also with its burden of sorrow for those who know not happiness. Truly, the merriest Christmas is for those who know the joy of making others happy the joy that comes from self-sacrifice. In a Christmas poem, written by Eugene Field, this thought is expressed as follows:

"I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them everyone,
Before the sun went down."

There is no other feast in the whole long year which causes us to open our shut-up hearts as does this blessed festival wherein we celebrate the birth of our Divine Savior. There is no other time when each feels so much at peace with his neighbor, and with the whole world. Old wounds are healed, unkind words are forgiven, each looks upon the other with a kindly and forgiving spirit at this blessed time.

Those who have the privilege of attending midnight Mass on Christmas eve, seem to be living over again that wonderful night wherein the angels heralded the birth of the Divine King. Again it seems as if the angels' voices were ringing out in joyful music telling the world of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Once more it seems as if the star were in the heavens leading the world away from sin to the cradle in Bethlehem. Happy is the person for whom Christmas means a time for turning the thoughts to the little Babe in Bethlehem, and a time for striving anew to become more like Him in humility and in brotherly love.

The editor of the "Corner" wishes all her Boys and Girls the joys of a Merry, Merry Christmas. She wishes for each the happiness that comes to those who receive in their hearts the Blessed Babe, and trusts that the happiness of the Christmas season may continue throughout the year.

A Ballad of Christmas Eve

From Joyce Kilmer by F. H. Sweet

There was a gentle hostler,
(And blessed be his name)
Who opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open,
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.

Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern glow,
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler,
(He is in Heaven tonight)
Who held Our Lady's bride
And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her,
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock your door this evening
And let your gate swing wide;
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest whose coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss,
When Jesus on his Mother's lap
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening,
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.

Sister Martha

JOHN A. INGOLDSBY

It was a dreary, foggy night in December, 1875. I was designated to deliver a parcel to the Sisters of Mt. Hope Convent, something in the line of needlework in which the sisters were very proficient. The work was to be finished not later than the day before Christmas, inasmuch as it was to be a present to be given to a lady of quality. So in my boyish fancy I was elated to have the task of delivery conferred on me. The Convent of Mt. Hope was about six miles from the city, situated in proximity to the cemetery bearing the same name. Between the convent and the cemetery was a high wall which in length was some 200 yards.

After a ride of some four or five miles on the tram car, I reached the terminus of the street railway in the east end of the city. From there I had to walk a mile and a half to my destination. The road was very dark and it had begun to drizzle. On arriving at the front entrance of the Convent I could not find a way

to make myself known and was much perplexed. I soon realized that it would be necessary to make my delivery in the rear. So being but a small boy the thought of having to traverse a long lane with a high wall on my left and the city of the dead on my right on such a dark and dreary night filled me with the most uncanny feelings. I censured myself for being so cowardly, and, whistling to keep up my courage, I started along the lane so dark I could see but a short distance ahead. When about half way along the lane, I was arrested by a concord of sweet sounds—a choir in the Convent rehearsing Christmas carols—and never has music since that time been more ethereal to me. So suddenly did the peal of such sweet music burst upon me that it held me spellbound for a short time. However, accelerating my footsteps into a run, and being a good sprinter for a small chap, I soon found myself at the end of the lane, and in the rear of the Convent. My surroundings were still intensely dark and it had begun to rain very hard. The moaning of the wind, which accompanied the storm, filled my young imagination with a strange terror. So I offered a prayer to St. Martha whom I had read of and dreamed of much. Presently I came to an opening and with my only match I discovered a large door with an old-fashioned knocker. My match having become extinguished, I found myself in pitch darkness again. I was exceedingly nonplussed but after considerable groping my hand came in contact with the coveted knocker and with an energy born of fear I pounded it with all my might.

All about me was as silent and dark as the tomb. For a short time it seemed as if I were cut off entirely from the world. My suspense was becoming intense, when suddenly I heard something like the dripping of water and then it seemed as if I heard footsteps in the distance. Soon they reverberated louder and louder along the stone floor. At last the footsteps came to a halt and through an opening in the door a voice of remarkable sweetness exclaimed: "Who is there?"

"An errand from Nelso and Company," I replied.

The door suddenly opened and for a moment I was blinded by the light from a large lamp, but immediately I saw my interrogator was a sister. Her eyes were of darkest brown and in my boyish fancy I thought her face fashioned like a Madonna. So full of saintly purity, her voice was soft and tender in modulation. So being succored from the darkness of the storm and safely behind the doors of the Convent, I realized vividly that I had met a friend, a "real" friend, and so being of a devoted nature I thanked my good St. Martha, my faith in her being sublime.

At the end of the corridor I was ushered into a small room. The sister left me saying she would return in a short time. I closely observed the meager contents of the room—a crucifix, holy water font, a picture of our Lord on the wall, one chair, the only furniture, the floor and walls immaculate in their cleanliness—and even though I was very young I thought how little these holy people required of the material things in their daily life and how far they were removed from the vanities of the world.

Presently the beautiful sister came back and smilingly told me I was so brave to venture on such an errand. She asked me my name. "Jean," I replied. I rehearsed to her my adventure along the dark lane and how I offered my little prayer to St. Martha. Instantly she looked at me intently and I thought I heard her say, "How exceedingly strange."

After a short pause she exclaimed, "My name is Sister Martha."

"Yes, Sister," I replied. "I thought you were St. Martha because I have seen your face in my dreams many times."

The beautiful sister looked at me with a tender ex-

pression. I could see she was much affected. "Bless you, my dear boy," she ejaculated as she rose to escort me to the door and darkness again. For a moment her hand rested on my head as if I were receiving her blessing. The door opened and as I peered into the darkness I heard her say, "Good night, Jean, have no fear, nothing can harm you—I will pray for you."

"Good night, Sister Martha," I replied. Then suddenly the door closed and I was once again in utter darkness.

My young mind being filled with the strange events of the evening and with the sweet words of Sister Martha in my ears—"Have no fear, nothing can harm you"—I felt strongly armed in faith and shortly I found myself at the end of the lane and once more on the main road. I reached home in safety which, of course, was a relief to my dear mother.

On only two occasions did I ever see the lovely sister of my dreams again. On both times she was on one of her periodic visits to the shop. She gently smiled at me with sisterly dignity and it made me so happy. My family moved away shortly after my adventure to South Africa where a brother of my mother lived. I could never forget the good Sister and it seems at times as if I could feel her gentle hand resting on my head. Her spirit, I am sure, often inspired me to do that which was right when temptation whispered.

After an absence of twenty years I came back to visit my native city. One day in the cemetery of Mt. Hope while visiting the grave of a dear relative who had recently died, I beheld the Convent in the distance and my adventure when a boy flashed vividly through my mind. Me thought, how splendid it would be to call and extend my respects to Sister Martha who had never left my mind.

On the way up the lane I had traveled that dreary night I had strange gloomy forebodings and alas, I found on inquiry that Sister Martha had gone to Heaven two years before. With my heart filled with sorrow I found the plot where she was buried with other sisters in the cemetery and I reverently prayed that her soul might now be at rest with St. Martha in sweetest peace.

A Dolly Dialogue

NANCY BUCKLEY

A fine French doll all frills and lace,
With quite an air of foreign grace,
Found her sweet self one summer's day
With much annoyance and dismay
Seated beside a doll so old
That she was frightful to behold.
Turning around with haughty air,
The fine French doll began to stare;
Spreading her frills she gave a squeak,
And to her neighbor thus did speak:
"Poor creature, it is very sad
To see you dressed in clothes so bad—
Not e'en a ribbon here and there
To make you look quite debonair.
'Tis plain to see you are not new;
Your mouth has lost its carmine hue,
Your cheeks have grown so pale and white
That really you're an awful sight!"
Then that self-proud Parisian belle
Closed her red lips and knew quite well
That every word with cruel dart
Had pierced her neighbor's sawdust heart.
But poor Miss Rags tried not to cry;
Straightening her hat that was awry,
She eyed that fine French dolly there,
And thus her own case did declare:
"I'm dressed in rags, and ancient too;
My clothes cannot be called quite new;

My lips and cheeks, your highness said,
Have long since lost their roses red.
But still my little Mistress May
Loves me as when on Christmas day
Santa brought me with other toys
And bade me be her joy of joys.
You can't be hugged, you are too fine,
And all our games you must decline,
Because you know that fine French dress
Really prevents all sportiveness.
So I am happier far than you;
One little maiden loves me true.
Ah! here she comes; we're going to play,
So au revoir, I'll run away."
Away she skipped. The doll from France
Started right up as from a trance,
Raising her eye-glass, turned to stare,
Only to find Miss Rags not there.
"I never have had such a shock,
I really think I've mussed my frock!"
She closed her eyes and sank to rest,
And soon forgot her ragged pest.
But now I think that of the two
Miss Rags has won the day, don't you?

A Little Hero Mass Server

He was just a little fellow, ten years old, and he lived up in the mountains of New Mexico, the Sunshine State. His father and mother were pious, kindly folk like thousands of others dwelling in those beautiful, fertile valleys of the Rockies.

Though the nearest Church was a tiny mission chapel some six miles distant, and Holy Mass a rare and cherished event this child of grace was taught our holy religion from his earliest years, and when first his baby tongue could lisp the soft Spanish words, he learned the Padre Nuestro and Dios to Salve Maria. Then when he grew older and must be sent to school the good father and mother hesitated to send their little boy to a non-Catholic school for fear of dimming the bright light of faith which glowed so brightly within his pure, child soul.

It was with joy they learned of a small mission school thirty miles away where the Padre lived and at once they took their boy to live with his aunt and enjoy the advantage of a Catholic education. He was a bright child, soon standing at the head of his class and beloved by all for the sweetness of his disposition.

At Christmas he went home for the holidays and there was a great rejoicing among the mountain folk for had he not brought the glad news that on New Year's day the good Father would come bringing the Santo Niño (Holy Infant, the Christ Child) and the year would be blessed. The little boy's soft brown eyes beamed with joy to think of serving the Mass as he had learned to do so nicely while at the school, and the good priest loved his little altar boy dearly.

So bright and early on New Year's morning before the rest of the family were ready, two saddle ponies were led to the door for the little boy and his cousin. Eagerly they mounted and were off through the keen sunny air. The ponies were fresh and pulled hard on the bit so that the little boy had to hold tight for fear of falling onto the sharp rocks if his pony should stumble and sometimes he was frightened, but said nothing and bravely kept abreast of the older lad.

At last they reached the chapel and blanketed their ponies, tying them to the fence where already stood a line of teams and wagons and other saddle ponies. When the Father entered the sacristy after hearing the many confessions his face lighted with a pleased smile to see his faithful little server who was soon standing by his side at the altar, looking like an angel in the

white surplice, bright head bowed reverently, hands folded.

Everything was so solemn and so sweetly simple, no choir, no organ,—just the earnest untrained voices of the people joining in the dear old Spanish hymns. And then came the happy moment when they received the Santo Niño within their hearts, and black robed figures throughout the Church bowed low in adoration. Finally the blessing was pronounced and Mass was over, but the worshippers lingered on, loath to leave the blessed spot.

Once more the little boy and his cousin were speeding over the rocky trail. By the time they drew up to the cabin door the little boy's strength was spent. They helped him to his tiny bed and he could not get up for the nice warm dinner, neither that day nor the next, nor for all of the rest of the weary winter days.

The dear, faithful little heart was tired from the long rough ride and the terror of falling, so tired it could not get rested. And soon the roses faded from the sweet face leaving it like snow and every day more angelic. Loving hands sought to hold him and medical skill did its best but his Santo Niño was calling him and he could not stay.

When the snowdrops were budding on the mountain side they folded the tiny waxen fingers over the white rosary he had loved so well, and the sweet smile still lingered which had greeted the Santo Niño when He came gently in to gather this other pure mountain flower for His garden.

With hushed and reverent tread they enter that humble abode and gaze at the beautiful, silent face, then turning away they murmur softly, "Ah yes, he was too good for this world and, did he not give his life for the Santo Niño?" The good mother, hearing, smiles through her tears, her bruised heart sweetly consoled by the thought, "he gave his life for the Santo Niño. My boy is a Saint."—Miss Eula C. Lee, in the *C. I. L. Messenger*.

Tobias, a Story in 5 Parts, for Children

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

3 Raguel's Hospitality

Raguel, with hearty welcome
Took the weary travellers in,
And rejoiced to learn that Toby
Was to him so near of kin.

"Ere I eat or drink this evening,"
Said Tobias, "promise me,
That thou'l give thy daughter, Sara,
My life's helpmate true to be."

Then the two were duly married,
And a wedding feast was spread;
All rejoiced and asked God's blessing
On the couple newly wed.

When Tobias placed the liver
On the glowing firebrands,
Raphael bound fast the devil
On Egyptian desert sands.

Then to Gabelus the angel
Hastened, at his friend's request,
To collect the note and bring him
As a welcome wedding guest.

"Let me now," Tobias pleaded,
With my wife for home depart;
Well I know my aged parents
Wait for me with heavy heart."

A Stocking Song

FRANK H. SWEET

Sing a song of stockings—
The girls and boys, you know—
Medium, long, and short ones,
Hanging in a row.

When the stockings open,
The children laugh and shout;
Isn't it a pleasure
When toys come tumbling out?

Something big and bulging
Near the top one sees;
Odd shapes near the bottom;
Queer ones at the knees.

Eager hands exploring
To the very toe—
Oh! what glad surprises,
As they deeper go.

Sing a song of Christmas—
The children love it so.
Stockings, stockings, stockings,
Hanging in a row.

Prize Letter Contests

Since the beginning of school there has been a falling off in the contributions to the Prize contests, while the contrary should be true, since composition work is a part of the regular school curriculum. Let us have more compositions, and let us hear from those who have received prizes telling us what you think of them.

Subject for January, "An Ideal Catholic Girl."
Subject for February, "An Ideal Catholic Boy."
Subject for March, "What I Intend to Become."
Subject for April, "The Great Man I Most Admire."
Subject for May, "The Great Woman I Most Admire."

Letter Box

(Address all letters for this department to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

We want letters, and more letters. We want letters written in ink, or typewriter on one side only of the paper. We want letters written neatly and with a margin left on both edges of the paper. We want letters that tell interesting facts, that give us an insight into the things you enjoy, the worthwhile things that you do. Please write often, and write the very best you can. Do not dash off a half dozen lines, unless you are a newcomer and are seeking admission, and even then a long letter that is interesting and well-written will give all of us a much better impression than a short letter that tells only a few facts. We learn to do by doing. We learn to write by writing. Then, write, for the hours are fleeting.

1007 Monroe Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

Hello Everybody:

Pep up a bit, I have some smiles for you. I hope you like them. I don't like vacation, do you? I think you would like to hear about my home town.

McKeesport is not a very big city. Our largest mill here is the Tube Works Steel Company. Our town is not a dirty town like Pittsburgh, which is 15 miles away. I go to St. Peter's R. C. Church and School. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade.

I would like some cornerites of my age and over to write to me. I love the "Grail" very much. I think I will send you a riddle. I hope you will excuse me for writing with a pencil, for I like a pencil better than a pen, because I won't have to make a blotch of my paper. As my letter is getting long I will close.

Yours sincerely,
Bertha Faix.

832 Eagle Ave., New York.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

First I want to thank you for printing my first letter and then tell you that through the "Grail" I have received two correspondents, whose letters I enjoy very much.

The last time I wrote I did not mention anything about where I live, etc., and consequently I received no letters.

I am sixteen years old and am at present attending Cathedral High School. I love such sports as tennis, swimming, and hiking, and belong to a club where we do all these things.

I'd tell you about New York but the trouble would be I would write and write and write. Doubtless you know a great deal about it, so I'll just say it is a most wonderful place, and I'd never want to leave it. I'd better stop now for my letter is getting a little too long.

I'll close, promising that I will answer each and every letter I receive,

Your niece,
Barbara Faeth.

St. Francis Training College,
P. O. Mariannhill, Africa.

Happy Greetings to Dear Holy Grail!

All the time I consider the great value of a sound Visitor, as the Eucharistic Grail, and it sometimes grieves me not to be able to contribute to it articles as I should like to do.

We here, in South Africa, although dark-brown, have yet many gifts given us from above.

Last time I gave a small description on the Consecration of our beloved Shepherd, the R. R. A. Fleischer. To-day I may joyfully bring the good tidings that the same zealous Shepherd has established a Native Sisterhood, which is progressing well. Immediately after this step, our generous Bishop has started a religious Congregation for boys who have the vocation. The boys are aspirants, either for the Priesthood or the Brotherhood; but they stay together like the Holy Family and are known as "Sons of St. Joseph," although this is not the Official title. There are at present seven boys who have been received as Aspirants.

To my great regret I must say, this is the last letter I can send to the "Grail" for its beloved Readers; for I, too, have joined this Congregation and, having to study very hard, shall not find time for further writing.

Many are my longings to stand by the "Grail" throughout my life and to communicate with all the generous, warm-hearted nephews and nieces, young and old; but all I can do is to express a hearty good wish to all throughout the quarters of the Globe, where this organ is read.

All those that love the Zulus and other kindred Native tribes may be assured of my grateful heart. May we always remember each other in some of our prayers!

Live well, Aunt Agnes dear, and ye, beloved Editors and Readers!

A. J. Kuboni.

Note:—We are sure that the Cornerites will pray earnestly for the success of the new brotherhood and sisterhood, which Mr. Kuboni mentions in his letter. Much of the success of the zealous missionaries depends upon our prayers as well as our alms. We hope that Mr. Kuboni will find time to write occasionally so that we may hear of the progress of these new missionary societies and of the good work that they are doing for

the conversion of the heathens.—Have the cornerites all forgot good Sister Philippine and her work among the Zulus? It is almost December and it takes six weeks for a letter to reach her, who has a gift for her?

421 Schuyler St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am going to introduce myself. My name is Mary Navin. My age is 10 years old. I am sending in some of the answers to the puzzles. The picture puzzle in this month's issue reads: "Jonas spent three days in a whale's belly" I supplied the missing letters to the well known motto and got, "Silence is golden."

This is the first time I ever read the "Corner" and I hope you will give me room for my answers.

Your friend,

Mary Navin.

P. S. I would like to have some of the "cornerites" write to me.

34 Highland Ave., Chicopee, Mass.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing this letter to ask admission to the "Corner." I read the "Grail" every month and find it very, very interesting especially the "Corner."

I am thirteen years old and am a "freshman" in Holy Name High School. I think this is enough for the first time. Hoping you will accept me into the "Corner" and print my letter in the "Grail,"

I am, your niece,

Madelaine Kane.

P. S. It is very lonely here because I don't have much time to go out, so I wish some of the "cornerites" would write. Mary Goncalves, Marguerite Malay, and Alice Letscher, I wish you would write me. Your letters are very interesting. Please write, and I will answer all letters.

725 So. 12 St., Springfield, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

As this is the first I have written to you, I cannot say much. I am twelve years old. I go to the Sacred Heart School and am in the seventh grade. I wish to see my letter printed in the "Grail." Will some of the cornerites be willing to write to me. I will promise to answer your letters.

As I am taking too much of your precious time, I will close.

I am, Your new Niece,

Agnes Kern.

641 E. Third St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Seeing your notice in the "Grail," I am writing to let you know that I was lucky enough to win the prize on "My Favorite Catholic Magazine,—Why?" I am very anxious to receive my prize and will always feel proud of it.

I wish that some of the "cornerites," about my age, would write to me. I am fourteen years old, and a "Freshie" in the M. H. S. I promise to answer all the letters I receive, for I crave correspondence.

Mishawaka has a population of about 21,000, and has many factories. We also have three Catholic churches and schools. I belong to St. Joseph's parish, but owing to the fact that we have no Catholic High School, I attend the public school.

As my letter is getting rather long, I will close. Trusting that I will receive both my prize and some letters soon, which I will answer quickly, I am,

Your niece,

Emily Blanford.

4418 Louisiana Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have read the "Grail" very often and think its stories are wonderful. After the postman brings the book, the first thing I do is page to the "Letter Box,"

but have never had enough courage to write. Dear Aunt, I am writing for permission to join the "Corner." I am thirteen years old and will graduate from St. Anthony School in June. I hope to see my letter in the "Grail." Since this is my first attempt, I think I had better close.

With love from your new niece,

Aurelia Wolfbauer.

P. S. I would like to hear from other cornerites and will answer the letters promptly.

2009 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although I have been reading the "Grail" for about two years, I never had the courage to write. I enjoy reading the "Children's Corner" most of all.

I am thirteen years old and in the Eighth Grade at the Cathedral School. I have never seen letters from Indianapolis yet.

I hope to be admitted to the Corner and also to hear from the cornerites soon. I am,

Your niece,

Kathleen Kavanagh.

1113 E. Monroe St., Springfield, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing this letter to ask admission to the "Corner." I have been reading the "Grail" for quite a while and I like it very well, especially the "Children's Corner." Will some of the cornerites be willing to write to me? I will be glad to answer any letters I receive. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade.

Please excuse my mistakes. Hoping to see my letter printed in the "Grail,"

I remain, Your new friend,

Clara McGrath.

2500 Juliet St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

My mother subscribes to the "Grail" and we enjoy reading it. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. I go to St. Agnes School. I have three brothers. One is in the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos, California. This is my first letter. I would like to hear from some of the cornerites.

Your little friend,

Margaret Werts.

625 Edgewood Court, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Here comes the biggest child into the "Corner," that you have had in many a day. Really, I am so old I am almost in my second childhood, being exactly nineteen, but I am still just a kid just the same. Of course, if anyone else told me that I would be very highly offended.

It seems such a short time since I left a little Catholic school in Indiana, that I always have a warm spot in my heart whenever I read the letters of the "cornerites," and I never miss reading them, either, even if the writer is only six years old.

Shall I tell you something about the "Sunshine City," as St. Petersburg is known? But of course you have heard about it already. How the sun shines brighter here than any place else on earth, and how the birds sing sweeter?

Really, that is the first impression one gets of the place. The sun is so bright, it is "glary," and the next impression is the vivid coloring of the flowers. The hibiscus, which is native, blooms the year around in a variety of colors. May is the prettiest month of the year as almost every flower is in bloom.

I believe I said something about the birds. Truly, I must not forget them or I would not be worthy to write a description of the "Sunshine City." Sometimes they are provoking, though, they get in your way and refuse to move until they have finished their song, so

what can you do but walk around them? The mocking birds should be called night owls, as they keep up their serenading all night.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of all to a visitor is the water. People swarm to the pier, and if a shark is caught, it is the center of attention for hours. I talk like a veteran, don't I. Well, I'll confess, everything fascinated me at first, except sharks. I never trusted them too much, even if they were dead.

St. Petersburg is a tourist town, so everything is done to help the beauties of nature. Even the houses are of the warm, attractive colors so appropriate to tropical climates. I have not said anything about Florida oranges, have I? But there is no need, try one, and you will see words could not improve it.

My letter, has grown just like I talk. Somebody always has to tell me to stop or I never do, so now I have to use my own will power.

Well, good-bye, Cornerites,

Good luck to all,

From an Indiana Hoosier turned Florida "Cracker."

Do write again "Cracker" and tell us more of your wonderful State.

357 National Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Although I have read the "Grail" for only a few months I find it a very interesting magazine and I derive great pleasure in reading the numerous articles in the "Children's Corner."

I sincerely hope that I may join your merry corner and in return for this favor I will try to write some worthwhile letters.

Hoping that I do not seem too rude, I wish to say that I heartily agree with the person who calls herself "Just Me," in regard to making this corner the envy of the grown ups.

I desire her correspondence and also that of other Cornerites of my age, which is fifteen (15) years.

Your new niece,

Pauline Detic.

3423 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Cornerites:

For many months I have been reading the Grail, and I would like to join your corner. As I have been in nearly all the states in the Union, I love to travel. I have also been in Canada and Ireland. Most of the time we traveled by Auto, camping out.

My brother bought an indoor ball and bat and a football. In the evening we played till dark.

I have quite a few pictures collected.—I will be seventeen soon, and would like some of you boys and girls to write to me.

Hoping everyone who sees this letter will write to

Catherine Barrett.

Please describe for the Corner some of the places you have seen.

64 Summit St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first time I have ever written to the corner although I read the "Grail" every month and take great interest in the "Children's Corner." I like The Grail very much and I would like to have the cornerites correspond with me.

I am fourteen years of age and am going into my second year at High School.

I am going to tell you about our city. It is situated on the Hudson River just opposite the picturesque Palisades. If you ever come to visit near here you would certainly appreciate a sail along the Hudson. The best time to see the Palisades is in the Fall when the trees put on their gowns of crimson, yellow, and brown. In some places the cliffs are solid, perpendicular masses of rocks rising out of the water and reaching

a height of from about 400 to 700 feet. In other places the trees cover the Palisades so thickly that in summer it resembles a lovely green carpet and a beautifully colored one in Fall. The city itself is mostly a manufacturing center, although there are many beautiful residential sections.

I will close, hoping to hear from the cornerites soon.

Your niece, Alice Sabol.

Mendota, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the "Grail" for a number of years and at last I have brought up enough courage to write. I have always wanted to join the "Corner," and now that I have found enough courage to write I'll ask your permission to join.

It may seem very bold of me to send in a composition before I ever asked your permission to join, but I'm sure you will permit me to join.

Hoping you will find my composition pleasing and interesting to you, I am,

Your niece, Pauline M. Henkel.

Helen E. Murphy, age 10, grade 7, of 32 North D. St., Irvington, N. Y., would like to have some of the girls of the "Corner" write to her. The same request comes also from Mary Britt, 47 No. Ashland St., Worcester, Mass.

Another niece, Eleanor McGovern, who has written before, hopes to receive a lot of letters from other cornerites. She asks, what is the matter with the boys and why don't they write to the "Corner"? She would like to hear from "Just Me," who suggested that the "Corner" should have more "pep."

Barbara Chamberlain, a new cousin from 4818 Calumet Ave., Chicago, who is a pupil of Corpus Christi School, twelve years old, is in the seventh grade. She would also be glad to hear from other cornerites.

Last month's picture puzzle reads: Samson killed a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

The Babe of Bethlehem

While Augustus Caesar was
In his reign
In Bethlehem was born
A Babe.

He came not as king, but
As the Child of Mary.

Ne'er thought Caesar that
In the manger was born
One to whom
All Rome would turn some day—
A humble Man, Divine, the
Son of God.

FREDERICK LYON INGATE, 12 years of age.

"Exchange" Smiles

(Contributed by Agnes M. Hennessey)

"Well, I can't just get along wid dat woman," said the Negro who was suing for divorce, "she jes' talks and talks all day and even in her sleep."

"Well," asked the judge, "What does she talk about?"
"She doesn't say."

Dumbell: "I went to see the doctor yesterday and he gave me a big bottle of pills and said, 'Eat one now and take the rest in water.'"

Dumbdora: "What did you do?"

Dumbell: "I ate one then and went home and took the pills all at one time and sat in the bath tub the rest of the day."

When Mr. and Mrs. Green did not want their little daughter to understand their conversation, they spelled the words. One evening they had a guest at supper. When Dorothy asked for her third helping of peaches and cake, her mother said, "Father, I think Dorothy has had e-n-o-u-g-h." When Mrs. Green gave her guest a third helping, Dotty said, "O Mother, isn't that man a h-o-g?"

The Common Cold

(Continued from page 361)

ten result in death. In no case should a cold be taken too lightly and medical advice should be sought if the patient does not rapidly recover from it.

All colds should be treated by rest and all patients with acute colds should spend a few days in bed. This would insure rapid recovery in most cases, and at the same time prevent infection of others during the most contagious stage.

In some cases frequent colds are the result of a chronic infection in the nasal sinuses, with possibly some nasal obstruction. Such conditions must be remedied by the nose and throat doctor before the colds can be controlled.

Various drugs are used in the treatment of colds and they do much to make the sufferer more comfortable. However, a specific has not yet been found for this condition.

Vaccines are sometimes given to prevent colds and physicians have found that a certain percentage of people can be prevented from "catching cold" by their use. Chlorine gas inhalations in proper dosage is one of the latest remedies used to cure colds and some favorable reports have been made in regard to it. However, it has not yet been given a thorough enough trial to be sure it is a specific cure.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

(Continued from page 365)

The Pontifical Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, instituted by Pope Pius X, has been functioning under the presidency of Cardinal Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B., since its inception in 1914. It is now rumored that the splendid work, may have to be given up. Among the reasons assigned is the lack of funds. The beautiful palace of San Callisto in Rome would then revert to its proprietors, the monks of St. Paul-without-the-walls. Let us hope that such a commission will not end its faithful work, especially after having gathered and photographed so many valuable manuscripts as presented by the first volume of Dom Henry Quentin.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA:—A congress to arrive at practical

efforts for the reunion of the Eastern Schismatics to the Church opened at Velehrad last August with special representatives of the Holy Father present. Archbishop Lemberg was of the opinion that this reunion would be best effected by having members of Latin monastic Orders embracing Oriental Rites and becoming missionaries. The Pope expressed a wish that various Benedictine Abbeys would send monks to study the Eastern liturgies in the hope that one day there would be established a Benedictine Congregation of the Eastern Rite. It is said that the Abbot-Primate would have the monks destined to work for this reunion study at the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome. This college, which was formerly under the care of the Benedictines of St. Paul-without-the-walls, was left to the care of the Jesuits a few years ago.

Christmas Glory

ELIZABETH VOSS

Glory to the Jesus Child!
He, our Peerless Light,
Came, a gentle Lamb so mild—
Star of Heaven so bright!

May His silence ever teach
To restrain your pride—
Knowing all His love can reach,
Like an ocean, warm and wide!

Abbey and Seminary

—There has been a prolonged drouth this fall and the wells are drying up. The winter wheat has suffered for want of moisture. The soil is dry and the roads are covered with dust. The autumn weather has been exceptionally fine.—Mid-November brought several refreshing rains.

—On October 26th and November 9th the seminarians gave public performances of their minstrel, which made a great hit. The gate receipts and advertising on the programs netted the athletic club nearly \$500, but this is a small sum in comparison with the improvements that are contemplated.

—To celebrate the opening of a number of State, County, and Township improved roads that pass through the neighboring town of Dale, a Road Boosters Victory Celebration was held in the forenamed burg on October 25th. Charles W. Bryan, Governor of Nebraska, who happened to be passing that way, made a short speech. Our Boosters, including the Abbey Press force, returned from the meeting in jubilant spirits.

—From time immemorial our mail has been coming through, or brought from, Ferdinand. Owing to the completion of our section of State Highway 16, it is both more convenient and likewise more direct to go to Dale. Consequently a petition for a change of mail route was sent in to Postmaster General Harry S. New, a loyal Hoosier and a warm friend of St. Meinrad, who gave the matter his immediate personal attention, even

to the taking care of the correspondence and despatching an inspector directly from Washington. Matters were expedited in a jiffy and the new route was a *fait accompli*. Operations began on October 27th. The first mail leaves St. Meinrad at 7:25 a. m. and returns at 9:25, the second, at 11 a. m., returning at 1 p. m. The third mail leaves at 2:45 and returns at 4:45. The convenience of meeting all trains and having three mail deliveries a day is not to be despised in places even less inaccessible than St. Meinrad.

—Many of the Rev. Professors were called away to assist in neighboring parishes on All Saints and All Souls. Some conducted Forty Hour Devotions during these days. With us the solemnity of the feast was enhanced by a Pontifical High Mass, of which Father Abbot was the celebrant.

—With cello, violin, and piano, the Hilger sisters regaled us on the afternoon of November 1st with a delightful selection of numbers from the masters in the musical world. Artists of this type have neither "rag time" nor "jazz" in their repertoire.

—November 4th was Presidential election. The voting machine was kept in action throughout the day. We saw no feathers fly, nor spattering of blood, nor heard of any acts of violence. If one might have judged by preelection denunciations, all this and more might have happened. Not everybody, of course, was satisfied by the results, but it seems that the majority were.

—The annual Pontifical Requiem for our deceased benefactors, friends, relatives, and confreres was celebrated on November 5th by the Rt. Rev. Abbot.

—Brother Michael, whose misfortune we chronicled last month, had to be taken to the hospital. Gangrene threatened the injured foot. His condition was serious. A more recent report says that the injured member is improving.

—November 13th is the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. The pronouncing of their solemn vows by the clerics Fr. John Thuis, O. S. B., and Fr. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B., brought additional joy to the monastic family. All Souls Day of the Order was celebrated on the following day.

—Father Justin, one of our Indian missionaries, who had been East to seek for funds with which to rebuild the churches on the Indian missions that were destroyed in the cyclone of last June, was a welcome visitor among his brethren on November 1st.

—The new stained-glass windows, set of stations with figures in relief, communion railing, and altar, give the College Chapel quite another appearance. The two latter, which are of natural oak, polychromed, are from E. Hackner, of La Crosse, Wisconsin. In the middle niche of the altar is the statue of Mary Immaculate, the patron of the Sodality; to the right, on the Gospel side, is a smaller statue of St. Benedict, while on the left stands St. Aloysius patron of youth. The gates of the communion railing have, on the one, carved in relief, the pelican feeding its young, on the other, a hart drinking at the fountains. The grain of the oak in

altar and communion rail, which is highly polished and varnished, with here and there a touch of gold, or red, or green, to relieve monotony, make both of these artistic pieces of church furniture very attractive and devotional.

—Rev. Alphonse Lehmen, Seminary '17-'19, who has been assistant at St. Cecilia Cathedral, Omaha, has been appointed assistant at West Point, Nebraska.

—The Church of St. Theresa, in New Orleans, of which Rev. Leander Roth, an alumnus of the Seminary, is pastor, celebrated its diamond jubilee a year ago.

—Prof. Al M. Heck, Ph. B., A. M., an alumnus of St. Meinrad College who is on the faculty of the Benedictine College of St. Gregory, at Shawnee, Oklahoma, entered the realms of nuptial bliss with a June bride.

Book Notices

"The Lure of the West," by L. M. Wallace, is a novel that is "different." It is not the ordinary goody-goody, I-thought-it-would-end-so story. It contains tragedy, thrill, and surprise, with pathos, wit, and deep religion. The style of the author, who hides under the pseudonym of Wallace, is vivid, lively, and quick. J. H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Publisher. Price \$1.75.

Matre and Co., Chicago, (70 W. Lake St.), have sent us a sixteen-page, 9x11 folder: "Our Father in Word and Picture," combined with appropriate Psalms, attractively illustrated by Baroness von Roeder. Ten pages are devoted to explanation and eight pages to colored illustrations with passages from the Psalms inserted. Price 75¢, \$6.00 the dozen.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, 1315 Walker Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., announce, under the title, "Retreat for Sisters," a reprint of Rev. H. Brinkmeyer's "Conferences of a Retreat." The first edition is sold out. Relatives and friends will find in the "Retreat for Sisters" a suitable Christmas gift for Sisters. The "Retreat" is a book of 288 pages and sells for \$1.50. All the profits derived from the sales are for the benefit of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Grand Rapids.

"Starward and Beyond"—Stories, Anecdotes, and Incidents, with Suitable Reflections for Clergy and Laity, by a priest of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Illinois, treats of prayer, the Holy Name, the Holy Eucharist, the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, many of the virtues, sin, death, and punishment. As in "Altar Flowers," and "Vigil Lights," by the same author, all dogmatic dryness is overcome by the interspersion of anecdotes and stories taken for the most part from life. For this reason the work will appeal to the people at large who are easily induced to read an instruction, if only an interesting story is connected with it. There is appended a good index, not arranged alphabetically, however. The work ought to make an excellent Christmas gift for Catholics, one from which they will derive pleasure, instruction, and edification. The book contains 400 pages. Orders should be sent to the publishers, St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Illinois.

The Edward O'Toole Co., Inc., 24 Barclay St., New York City, have sent us samples of their Catholic Art Calendar for 1925, which is made to order for parishes, or societies, at \$4.00 per 1000; in less quantities at 5¢ each.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Rags

A Christmas Story

THE street was a-bustle with wild winds, frantic snowflakes, and hurrying, laughing men and women, with heavy-laden baskets, hemlock or balsam trees from the wood nearby, and wreaths, or arms full of holly, from the general store.

"Howdy, Miss Milgrim! Gettin' all ready for the Big Night?"

"You just bet I am!" I called back. "Got your presents all bought?"

"All but the rocking horse for Junior and the talking doll for Lillian. John's gone to Belling's Corners to get them at Furnas' Toy Store," replied Mrs. Barnell, lugging a heavy live turkey in one hand, and an overloaded basket in the other.

"Hello there, Miss Milgrim!" cried another. "Don't forget to call tomorrow afternoon. The new mincemeat is wonderful, and I do want you to try the new pianner."

"Do the children know about it?"

"Not a thing! I've got the room locked. Won't they take a thousand duck fits when they see it, though! I do want you to teach them, Miss Milgrim, don't forget."

"Thank you; I'll be there."

There were oodles of things to do; I had got the carpet swept in the living room, and the windows washed, for all the breeze was like a bag of icicles, but I wasn't letting that scare me off of letting the windows open awhile, to let the room air, though now and then a few snowflakes found their way in, and the place was like the storage room of an ice house. Well, Christmas was like that, and there was nothing like being hospitable—even to Jack Frost.

I'll leave them open awhile, thought I, while I go to the kitchen and make out a list of the groceries I would need, for I had still some baking to do—a couple of pies, and a sweet cake or two, for though I am alone, that is no sign that I don't need a well-stocked larder. Neighbors have a habit of coming in, and the kiddies—well, they just can't seem to pass by without peeping in the door.

Oh no, I'm not lonely a bit, only—times like Christmas I sometimes get to thinking—oh, about times long past, and the wonderful yuletides we had when Father and Mother were with us, and Sadie and Tom and little

Tooldes—oh well, even though Tooldes did run away and we never heard any more from her, I'm still praying that God will take care of her, in whatever corner of the world she has gone to—or maybe she is already with God—"Hello! Yes, come in, Mis' Ellis. Have I any starry almonds? Why, yes! A whole box of them. Cummings is out of them! Well, isn't that the very mischief, when a person is fixing up for Christmas and all! Appears like he ought to have more foresight, with the holidays coming on and all. He ordered them and they didn't come! Oh well, why worry? I have plenty; here you are. Help yourself. That's all right, Mis' Ellis, you're welcome."

Well, she went away, and I got to thinking about Tooldes again—the way a thought will stick sometimes, try how we might to chase it away. It disturbed me, this thought of my baby sister—her face kept bobbing up before me at every task. Why was it so persistent? I believe a tear or two did come, but I dismissed them with my usual prayer that God might take care of her, and help me find her, if possible.

I went to Cummings' with my big market basket; I was going to have chicken and cranberries and celery and—oh, you know, all the fixin's. I just couldn't resist buying everything in sight, for Cummings ought to be named "Cunning," he has that way about making tempting displays. Well, I met all my friends down there, and everyone was merry and happy and full of jokes, and I got more invitations to Christmas dinner than I could have accepted in a year—they being kind folks and all, and I being the organist and choir leader and music teacher of Pomegranate Center, and they thinking the world and all of me, the dear people!

But, of course, as I didn't want to offend any of them by not accepting their invitations, I had to tell them that I was eating Christmas dinner at home, and that was the best way out of it. For there is one thing about Pomegranate folks, they were hospitable until it hurt, and my greatest trouble always was, how to accept one invitation tactfully without giving hard feelings to the next party.

But anyway, with all this kindness and good cheer, sometimes—only sometimes, you know, for I tried to be properly grateful,—a little, tiny longing would come to me, that I might have someone really related to me—all my own, you know—to spend Chirstmas with, and other days too. I've lived in my present home since Father and Mother died, and since—Tooldes and Jerry thought

fit to get away from us all and never let us hear from them.

Not that I grudged Jerry to her, for all I cared for him and had my trousseau all prepared; I thought this way: If Jerry cares for her more than for me, why there was only one thing to do. But they need not have done it like that, and I would have been willing to give Toodles everything I owned in the world rather than have her take—but anyway, I didn't need it. I always had comfortable money coming in, and I couldn't use the trunk full of wedding duds anyway, could I, with the man dropped out of the equation? Of course not; she was welcome to it, only, I wish—

"What's that? Oh, yes, I'm going to have chestnut dressing. How did your nut cookies turn out?"

"Oh, just elegant! You must come in tomorrow and—"

"Dear me! I'll try, Mis' Corkenspreggin; I think I'll have to engage a taxi to take me from door to door tomorrow, I've that many invitations!"

"Is that so? Well, don't you leave out my house, do you hear?"

Dear souls, it was that touchin' to hear them all wantin' me; sure the dear Lord is trying hard to make up to me for those I've lost. Well, I'm trying hard not to be ungrateful, and—what's that dog doing at my door? What a poor, skinny, hungry-looking thing he is, to be sure! Some poor tramp dog; his tail's between his legs and he's squealing and crying and shivering with the cold. You poor fellow! Just wait until I unlock this door; there now. Do you want to come in? That's good; just cuddle up to the stove, while I see if I have a bone in the pantry for you.

That's the way I talked to him, poor hobo, and do you know, he looked up into my face with such a human-looking pair of eyes, and wagged his poor raggedy tail so pathetically, that I felt glad I had let him in. Come to think of it, I had noticed this poor, stray thing knocking about the neighborhood for several days; folks kicked at him, chased him out of their yards, and the boys threw rocks at him.

Well, I thought, I would give him a drink and a good meal, and then turn him lose again. Little did I think that Providence had sent him for a purpose of His own. A day or two he had snapped at someone, desperate, I suppose, from hunger and buffettings and unsympathetic treatment, and I heard several folks say that he ought to be shot. But, though I know very little about breeds or pedigrees, he looked like an uncommonly intelligent dog to me. He was about medium-sized—not as small as a terrier, nor as large as a collie, with shaggy, raggedy fur of no particular color.

When I had prepared a plate of soup meat, I called him—"Here Fido, here Prince, here Nellie, here Queenie"—to try to find out his name; he was behind the stove and did not see the meat, but I heard his tail thumping the floor as I called. Yet he did not come; so I tried every name I could think of, until finally "Rags" came to my mind, being as he looked like a

bundle of them, and he jumped up at once and leaped at the meat.

Oh, how ravenously he ate, and how he licked my hands and stood up on his hind legs, leaning against me, and gave little short, sharp barks, as if trying to thank me! Well, when he had eaten, I let him warm himself well at the stove, and then let him out. He ran down the avenue and disappeared, never looking back once.

That night was the Wonderful Night, when all the earth lay still and white under its new, fleecy blanket, and the moon came out to look at it and be present when the midnight bells rang out for Holy Mass. How happy and peaceful it all seemed, and how the merry, laughing folks crowded and jostled each other down the street, crying, "Merry Christmas!" and huddling deeper into their furs and high collars to avoid the keen wind that had sprung up.

A little later we were listening to "Holy Night," played on string instruments by the nuns of the choir and sung by a single, silvery child-voice. How the tears coursed down our cheeks, as the tender strains trembled in the dead silence of the lovely decorated church, and later, at the offertory, when they sang the "Adeste Fideles," I thought my heart could no longer stand the strain, and if my fingers faltered upon the organ keys, it was through sheer emotion.

Just about this time, there was a noise on the stairs—a mumbling and whispering and thumping—then, suddenly there shot a grey streak up the choir steps, whizzed by the singers' pews and music stands, and dashed frantically up to me, barking and pulling at my skirts. Everybody was frightened, thinking he had gone mad. I was playing an interlude and could not stop, and I don't deny that my own heart was in my mouth, thinking that the poor creature had the rabies.

Well, several men came up, and one of them, more courageous than the rest, dragged him down by the collar, and out to the street, closing the heavy oaken doors upon him. During the rest of the Mass, I quite forgot about him, and it was not until I reached home, that I was reminded again.

There, on my front porch, huddled against the door and whining pitifully, was Rags, a dark gray spot against the dazzling white of the moonlit snow. He no more than recognized me, than he rushed up, and began barking and pulling at my skirt again. "What's the matter, Rags?" I said, thinking perhaps he was hungry again, and was taking this manner of telling me. I was studying his actions, and somehow, I could not believe he was mad, for once or twice, he licked my hand, before he began again at his frantic barking.

I unlocked my door and called him in, hastily brought out some meat, and poured him a saucer of milk. But he paid no attention to my invitations; only ran to the door and whined, then back to me, barking and pulling at me as before, and repeating this over and over. "What do you want, Rags?" I asked again, and poor old Rags tried with all his might to tell me.

So I opened the door and he shot out to the street,

but seeing that I did not follow, he came back for me, barking and whining, and going back to the street again. "That dog wants me to follow him," I told myself, so, locking my door, I did go after him. He led me clear to the end of town, and many times I had to leap over or walk through deep drifts, and the sky was overclouding again, and I felt tiny sharp particles of ice striking my face. It wasn't a bit dark, though, for all the moon had gone in, and I wasn't in the least afraid, being familiar about town, and never having heard tell of any evil characters about. For Pomegranate wasn't the kind of town they would choose, being populated with people of moderate means, unostentatious and plain.

We had got to the last two or three straggling shacks, from whence the stubble fields stretched out into the distance—and there's where I heard the moan. A flickering candlelight was in the shack, and Rags stood barking at the door, so I opened and entered. A gaunt, emaciated woman lay on the excuse of a bed—mere boards laid between two chairs and a bench—and she was in travail. I thought of the Blessed Mother—the room was icy cold, like the stable in Bethlehem—the utter poverty—nothing at hand to relieve the poor sufferer—no angels singing blessed hymns—she lay shivering and convulsed under one thin, ragged quilt.

I brought the candle closer and piled on every rag I could find in the place, to warm her—examined the rusty laundry stove in one corner—there were holes in the stovepipe, and the front gate was off. "Poor child! I'm going off to call the doctor," I told her, and was about to turn away.

"Bee!" she called hoarsely. I looked again, holding the candle close to her face.

"Thank God! Toodles, He helped me find you. Thank God!" And I fell upon her and we both wept.

"Jerry's dead," she told me. "Killed by an explosion at work, so I—came here—four days ago—" she could hardly speak, and panted for breath. "I—passed your house four or five times,—but I hadn't the nerve to come in—after what I had done to you. Rags is my dog—we walked—clear from Morristown—my money gave out there—oh God! Can you forgive me? It is my just punishment."

"Toodles, darling," I cried, "don't talk about forgiving, and suchlike foolishness. Everything I had was yours, and welcome—even Jerry. I only thank God that I've found you; I've prayed for years, Toodles. And now, I am going for the doctor, and have you moved to my house."

I took off my heavy coat and covered her with it, for all she protested with her weak voice that I would catch my death of cold—I had a good, warm sweater beneath, so I didn't care. I ran most of the way, fell twice into drift-covered holes, but arrived at last at Dr. Moser's. His wife gave me one of her coats, came down with a pile of blankets, and we all got into Doc's flivver, stopping on the way for Father Benton.

We were in the nick of time; Doc's wife and I fixed up the holey stovepipes to the best advantage and then

built a roaring fire with an old broken chair and some clapboards from the shed in the yard. We got an old pot, melted some clean snow in it, and made it boiling hot for Doc's use. There was no thought of moving her to my house; there wasn't time. And I rushed about, striving not to hear poor Toodles' agonized cries, or held her hand and tried to soothe her, and Father Benton absolved her and gave her Holy Communion, for which blessing I breathed a sigh of relief and untold thanks on high.

We labored with her until dawn—the holy, sweet, mystical dawn of snow-wreathed Christmas morn, and all was still in the room; only now and then I choked down a sob, lest it disturb that holy silence, and interrupt the prayers that were being repeated around that still form in the corner. Then, sometimes, too, a tiny stir in my arms, and a week whimper called my attention, and I rocked gently to and fro, the while I repeated the sweet, sad Amens to the prayers.

And Rags—went from the bed to my side, and from my side to the bed, and whimpered too, and looked inquiringly into my face, as if to ask what the trouble was, and I stooped and patted his raggedy head, and promised in my heart, he should have a good home from henceforth. For had he not been God's messenger? To this day I shall never be able to comprehend the wondrousness of God's answer to prayer. All I can do is to shake my head and thank Him over and over.

The prayers were ended, the white, thin hands were crossed on the quiet breast, and the still face was covered. Two candles were left burning at her head, and Doc's wife promised to stay while her husband took me home. Father Benton came with us, and I sat beside him with my warm, blanketed bundle in my arms, and Rags—cuddled at my feet.

We stopped at the church to let Father off, and five o'clock Mass was going on, and I heard a waft of glorious song as we stood there—"A Son, a Son this night is born to us—," and I closed my eyes, and compared that Holy Night with this.

Doc left me off at home, and Rags joyously preceded me to my door, waving his raggedy tail. I placed the precious bundle on my bed, opened a fold of blanket a tiny bit, and gazed with rapture on my treasure—oh, what a wondrous Holy Night it was! One Blessed Mother in Heaven, and another knocking at the pearly gates, having left an earthly hostage—a bit of Paradise, in the arms of her sister, in payment for that which she had taken long ago.

Softly I closed the door and went to my kitchen to make coffee, humming softly the refrain—"A Son, a Son is born this night to us—"

Never again would I be alone.

Queens Who Became Saints

Queen Clotilda was queen of France in its early days; she was the daughter of a king, and both her parents were Catholics. It was a religious family, and one of her sisters founded the church of St. Victor at Geneva, and afterwards took the veil herself.

Soon after her father's death, Clotilda was married to Clovis, then king of the Franks, as the French people were called at that time. They loved each other, and Clotilda made use of that love to persuade her husband to become a Catholic. He did not listen at once to her appeals, for their first child, whom he permitted to be baptised, died in infancy, and he used that as an argument against the God of Clotilda, and refused to serve such a God. However, he permitted the second child to be baptized too, but it was not until the battle with the Allemanni that Clotilda's prayers in his behalf were answered.

He saw his army about to yield, and then, fearing defeat, called upon the God of Clotilda, promising that if he were victorious, he would become a Catholic. He won the victory, and then, true to his promise, he was baptized, together with his sister and three thousand of his warriors. It was a great victory for the Church, meaning as it did the establishment of the true faith among the French people.

St. Clotilda's life, even though that of a queen, was one of retirement. She buried her husband in the year 511, but her life as a widow was anything but peaceful, and we may say that her sainthood was gained by way of the cross. There were troubles and dissensions between her sons, who did not hesitate to murder those who stood in their way, for those were barbarous times. They were crimes which tore her loving mother-heart, but finally, through her great devotion to St. Martin, all her troubles gradually ceased. She died in the year 545, at the age of seventy-one, and was buried beside her husband in Paris.

Another early queen was St. Etheldreda, queen of Northumbria, and daughter of a king. When she was still very young, her father gave her in marriage to Tonbert, a prince, but she never lived with him in wedlock, preferring to lead a religious life. He died soon after, and she wanted to enter a convent, but her father was unwilling to have her do so, so he had her married to Egfrid, a mere boy of fourteen years. Unwilling as she was to be married, Egfrid, too, found it hard to get her to live with him, and so he appealed to St. Wilfrid, to whom she gave much property for the founding of a minster, or monastery. The saint, however, persuaded him to let her remain awhile in the nunnery, and later, she died of the plague. She was buried in the church of Ely, which she founded, and her body was held in great veneration.

There was also the Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, the daughter of a king, and a relative of the great St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She was betrothed to Frederick II, Emperor of Germany, but she fled from him and became a nun. The Emperor was, of course, disappointed, but he said: "Had she left me for a mortal man, I would have taken vengeance with the sword; but I cannot take offence if in preference to me she has chosen the King of Heaven."

We say "happy as a queen," but many of the queens of history were anything but happy, while many of them were wise enough to make their crosses and tribu-

lations a means of sanctification, for, often, we have not courage to inflict self-denials upon ourselves. What greater means of holiness then, can we find than by accepting the crosses God sends us, and bearing them cheerfully and with loving resignation? Many of us have troubles galore; why not use them as stepping-stones to Heaven?

Religion and the Psychiatrists

And now come the old, old precepts of Christ's religion sugar-coated under a new form. They've tried everything else, eliminated God, taken monkeys for their ancestors, organized New Thought Societies, tried to evolve new rules and codes—tried to beat God Himself, in fact, in religion-making. But when it is taken all in all, when rules and codes and laws are analyzed to the rock bottom, what do we find?—a rehashed edition of God's own ten commandments, and the eternal law—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

What about the psychiatrists? They are striving frantically to arrive at the cause and effect, the why and wherefore of the soul, the intricate workings of man's "inner man"—that which God alone understands, because He was its Creator. They are striving to arrive at the cause of criminality, of insanity, which is nowadays so alarmingly present among us. A certain great insurance company is running an advertising campaign, seeking to give publicity to the causes of mental troubles, so that people may take heed, and control their elemental passions, which are at the root of most cases of insanity. They claim that most mental defections are caused by wrong thinking, foolish imaginations, distorted and misdirected emotions, suspicion, hatred, anger, envy, jealousy, malice etc.

How true that is and what a wise God it was Who drew up a code of rules for His children, which, if followed out to the letter, can result in nothing but good to all mankind! "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself!" What a Wonderful world it would be if all men followed out those two rules! That is where the psychiatrists come in. They seek to instill by suggestion to their patients, thoughts of amity, peace, sweetness, charity and calm—leaving out the mainspring of all—love and fear of God. "Wrong thinking and feeling frequently lead first to unhappiness, then to illness, then to criminality and insanity," says this advertising pamphlet. "Mind-health" is the heading of the paper. What does "mind-health" comprise?

Let us seek in our own holy faith the answer: Kindness, charity, thinking no evil of others, a spirit of service to our fellow man, a forgiving heart, humility, prayerfulness, faithfulness to duty, cheerfulness and loving resignation in trouble, a helping hand to the wayward, the sinner, the "down-and-out"—these are all attributes of mind-health. How lucky are we of the true faith! Yet, there are some of us, possessing this priceless treasure, who forget, now and then, some of these rules.

Some of us are hard on the sinner; some of us hold ourselves aloof and superior to those to whom we might lend a cheerful, helping hand; some of us have contracted a habit of nagging those we love; some of us secretly nurse in our hearts remembrance of a hurt, an insult, after our lips have said, "I forgive." All these things comprise mind-health; continued grating of the mind on one subject is the sure road to mind-defection. Some are doomed by this relentless "mind-driving" to an early grave, others end in an institution where, to live is worse than death.

We of the Faith do not need psychiatrists; we have our saints, whose lives were one undimmed pathway of love and charity, gentleness and winning sweetness. "Honey draws more flies than vinegar," says St. Francis de Sales; yes, and not only that, but honeyed words are infinitely easier on our physical and mental health than anger, and an easy, forgiving manner, than a hateful, vindictive one. And what does it all amount to, this anger, nagging, "hardness"? Life is too short. Why not follow God's law and take things easy?

Have You Sent Your Mission Christmas Box

Last year a group of ladies organized themselves into a circle, which they named "Mission Helpers of the Little Flower," pledging themselves to each make up one or more Christmas boxes to be sent to some poor missionary. They went still further; each one promised to interest her friends in the scheme, asking each friend to spend the small sum of \$1.00, for which they were to purchase such articles as toothbrushes, shaving cream, wash cloths, cigars, tooth paste, witch-hazel, peroxide, toilet soap, etc., make it up into a box and send it West or North or South as the case may be, as a cheerful messenger of the Christ child.

One lady, who was all alone, declared that the ladies' scheme had forestalled a rather sad and lonely Christmas for her, since the thought of the five boxes, she herself made up, gave her such joy every time it came to her mind, that she wished others might know of this sweet charity. Some of the members included small articles of clothing also in their bundles, such as socks, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., and added also toys and trinkets for the little Indian children. They love beads and horns and dolls as well as other children, though they very seldom get to see pretty things, since their poverty is great.

They are sorely in need of clothing, too, for their little charges, so why not send Johnny's last year's suit, which he has outgrown, out to some poor Indian child? Or that old overcoat, faded, but still good, or Mary's last winter's hat, which she has discarded for a new one, or those waists or dresses or pants, which might otherwise find their way into the rag bag? Or those old schoolbooks in the attic, or the discarded orchestra music, all of which the missionary fathers can use? If anyone wishes the address of one of these

fathers, write this department, and it will be furnished. Have you sent your mission box of happiness?

To Give or Not to Give

Some years ago we heard of a foolish society which was formed for the express purpose of suppressing Christmas happiness. They called themselves the "SPUGS," meaning, "Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving." Some of these joy-inspiring people, forgetting the real meaning of Christmas-giving, inasmuch as they had dropped all religion, found it burdensome to present gifts to their friends on this happiest of all days for Christians. Why? Because they had made it promiscuous—anyone who enjoyed a week's acquaintance with them, received a gift—any kind of a useful or useless trifle, which was oftener than not, relegated to the wastebasket or given to the servant girl on "the morning after."

There was one family I knew, who were the victims of this promiscuous giving and receiving. The day after Christmas the lady of the house called in some children of the neighborhood, showed them her Christmas tree, and then led them to a table piled with gifts from her friends—a veritable mountain it was—foolish, useless little nicknacks—and told them to help themselves. In answer to my smile, she explained: "I don't care for them anyway; I wish they wouldn't send them."

A gift, to convey the proper spirit and meaning, should be limited to friends and relatives for whom we really care enough to select something which will be found useful and helpful in their daily lives—something which is worth-while enough to give pleasure in its use. As for the casual friends and chance acquaintances, they may be remembered with a pretty card, inexpensive, but equally appreciated—more so, in fact, than useless gewgaws which must be done away with because they clutter up the house.

Gifts should be limited to those for whom we entertain a genuine, heartfelt regard; of course, there are some, who are not dear friends, but to whom it would be Christlike to send a gift to brighten a dull life.

Household Hints

For rheumatism in the arm, rub well with some good penetrating oil or liniment, and wear an old stocking on it until relieved. The pain will never leave while the arm is left uncovered.

Sponge ferns and other indoor plants with milk and water; the leaves will have a glossy appearance, and the milk prevents the ugly brown patches which are likely to appear if only water is used.

Recipes

DEVILED STEAK: A most delicious steak is the following: Take a good, tender sirloin steak, an inch and a quarter thick, trim off bone and gristle, and place in a deep dish. Then mix 2 tablespoons olive oil, 3

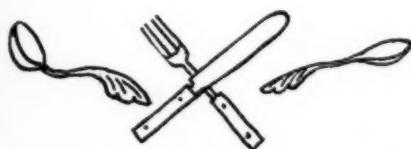
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tablespoons of taragon vinegar, a thinly sliced bud of garlic, a thinly sliced onion, half a bay leaf, three cloves, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a salt-spoon of salt, a little red pepper, and a half saltspoon of curry powder. Pour over the meat and let it lie in the liquid, turning frequently. Then place in ice box over night, and next day, drain well, lay on a greased broiler, and broil it a delicate brown on either side. When browned, lay in a buttered baking dish and pour over it the liquid in which it has stood over night. Bake fifteen minutes, basting frequently.

The Needlework Design



We give above four designs for tea towels, to be embroidered in blue or turkey red in outline stitch. These make very appropriate gifts to one's friends, and brides, who are preparing their trousseaus, cannot have too many of them. Price for the four designs, 40¢. Address Clare Hampton, 3343A S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion de-

signers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

An attractive wardrobe is not entirely a matter of money. It is more a matter of proper selection of styles and correct fit. With the help of our dressmaking FASHION MAGAZINE, the woman forced to be economical in clothing expenditures can dress as well as women of means. This book offers a good selection of styles which can be made inexpensively. So in ordering your pattern, we suggest that you enclose an extra 10 cents for a copy of the FASHION MAGAZINE.

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred). At least ten days should be allowed for the sending of patterns. Address all orders to Grail Fashion Department, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2290—Smart Button-Down-The Front Tunie. Made in plain kasha and worn over a slip of plaid or checked material, a smart ensemble would be the result. Twill worn over black satin is another pleasing possibility. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 1514—Costume Slip, very easy to make—only two pieces to the pattern which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2283—Suitable for Silk or Wool. Every woman needs an all-occasion dress—the kind she can slip on in the morning and feel quite suitably dressed the whole day through. This style is just such a dress. Plain and plaid kasha, bengaline, twill, satin or silk crepe are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2275—Youthful Lines That Slenderize. This style was especially designed for the mature woman whether slim or fat, who wants to appear somewhat younger than her years. A soft woolen material is suggested for general wear. Bengaline, silk crepe and novelty silks are also suitable. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2273—Youthful Tunie. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2½ yards 45-inch material with 12 yards of ribbon.

No. 2073—One-Piece Slip, to be cut apart for camisole of different material than that used for the skirt. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch for the skirt with ¾ yard 40-inch for the camisole.

No. 2266—Imagine this jaunty affair developed in kasha plaided in tan, red and blue! The plain woolen materials are also suitable as well as bengaline and heavy crepes. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material with ¾ yard 18-inch contrasting.

No. 2289—Made in an Afternoon. There are only four seams to the entire garment. Just bind the neck and add the fur trimming and your dress is finished. Notice that is fashionably unbelted. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch material with ¼ yard 2-inch fur and 1½ yards of 4-inch fur.

No. 2284—Smart developed in chiffon, georgette or silk crepe. Fine twill worn over a skirt of satin is another attractive possibility. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material with 2½ yards of binding.

The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 700 (blue only) costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2073—One-Piece Slip, to be cut apart for camisole of different material than that used for skirt. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch for the skirt with ¾ yard 40-inch for the camisole.

No. 2254—Becoming Lines. Pleats are employed in this design both to add beauty and a graceful width to the skirt. Crepe satin, dull silk, crepe, faille silk, a fine twill or kasha cloth. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material with 2½ yards of binding.

The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 718 (blue and yellow) Costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2189—Side-Closing Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material with 6 yards of 1-inch braid.

No. 1983—This Charming Style Cuts All In One Piece, as shown in the accompanying diagram. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 42-inch material with 2½ yards of 5-inch ribbon.

No. 2277—Attractive Apron. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material with 6 yards of binding.

No. 2238—Jaunty Cape Style for the Junior Girl. Woollens and novelty fabrics are suitable. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting.

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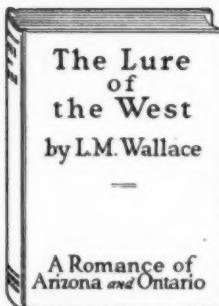
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**Buy the Seals that
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Very few adult persons pass through life without at some time having had tuberculosis. Ninety-eight out of every hundred of them never know it, and only two out of every hundred ever come to light at all. More significant also is the fact that practically every person who reaches adult life, particularly those who live in large cities, is infected with tuberculosis. This does not mean that he has the disease, nor does it necessarily mean immediate danger. Millions of children are infected by impure milk, or by contact with careless tuberculosis patients, or from picking up crude sputum during their play with marbles, or ball, or rope on the street and sidewalk.

The germs of tuberculosis when they enter the body act differently from those of any other germ disease. In measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, or diphtheria, for example, when the germs enter the body, that is, when a person is infected, there is a definitely known period of incubation, so-called by the doctors, between the time of entrance and the breaking out of the disease. Thus we know that within so many days or so many weeks after infection a person is likely to develop the disease. Not so with tuberculosis. The period between the time of infection and the onset of the disease may be five years, ten years, or twenty-five years. Or the disease may never develop at all.

The tissues of the human body treat tuberculosis germs very much the same as they treat any other foreign body such as a grain of sand, or a piece of shot that is swallowed. They build a wall of cells around the invader. This wall of cells gradually tends to harden in a normal healthy individual and becomes stronger, or, as we say, more resistant.

When, however, that peculiar individual thing which we call resistance is lowered and the vitality of the body is reduced by previous disease, by overwork, by self-indulgence, or by bad food, the wall of resistance holding back the invading germs weakens and danger results.

For example, a boy may be infected within the first five years of life and never experience any unfavorable influences. In fact, this infection may and probably does convey a certain degree of helpful immunity against tuberculosis. But suppose that at the age of sixteen or eighteen this boy goes to work in a factory. His wages are not large, his work is hard, and he, untrained in proper habits of health, spends his leisure time in ways that are



not conducive to building resistance. He tries to do what so many young men do—work by day and dance or dissipate all night. The inevitable follows; he breaks down with tuberculosis. Because of insufficient rest, faulty habits of eating, undue physical strain, self-indulgence of various kinds, and failure to realize the value of health, this young man has broken his wall of resistance.

The results may be tuberculosis. The imprisoned germs that have been lying perfectly harmless in his body for ten years or more and that might have remained there the rest of his life without causing disease, are released and begin an active growth in the tissues of his lungs.

The National, state, and local tuberculosis associations of the country are working to teach men and women how to build healthy, resistant bodies against tuberculosis. To teach 110,000,000 people the value of health before they lose it is a task of tremendous importance and beset with many difficulties. The means for carrying on this extended educational campaign are supplied through the annual Christmas seal sale. The seventh annual sale of these holiday messengers of health will be held during December of this year. Christmas seals are virtually health insurance.

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